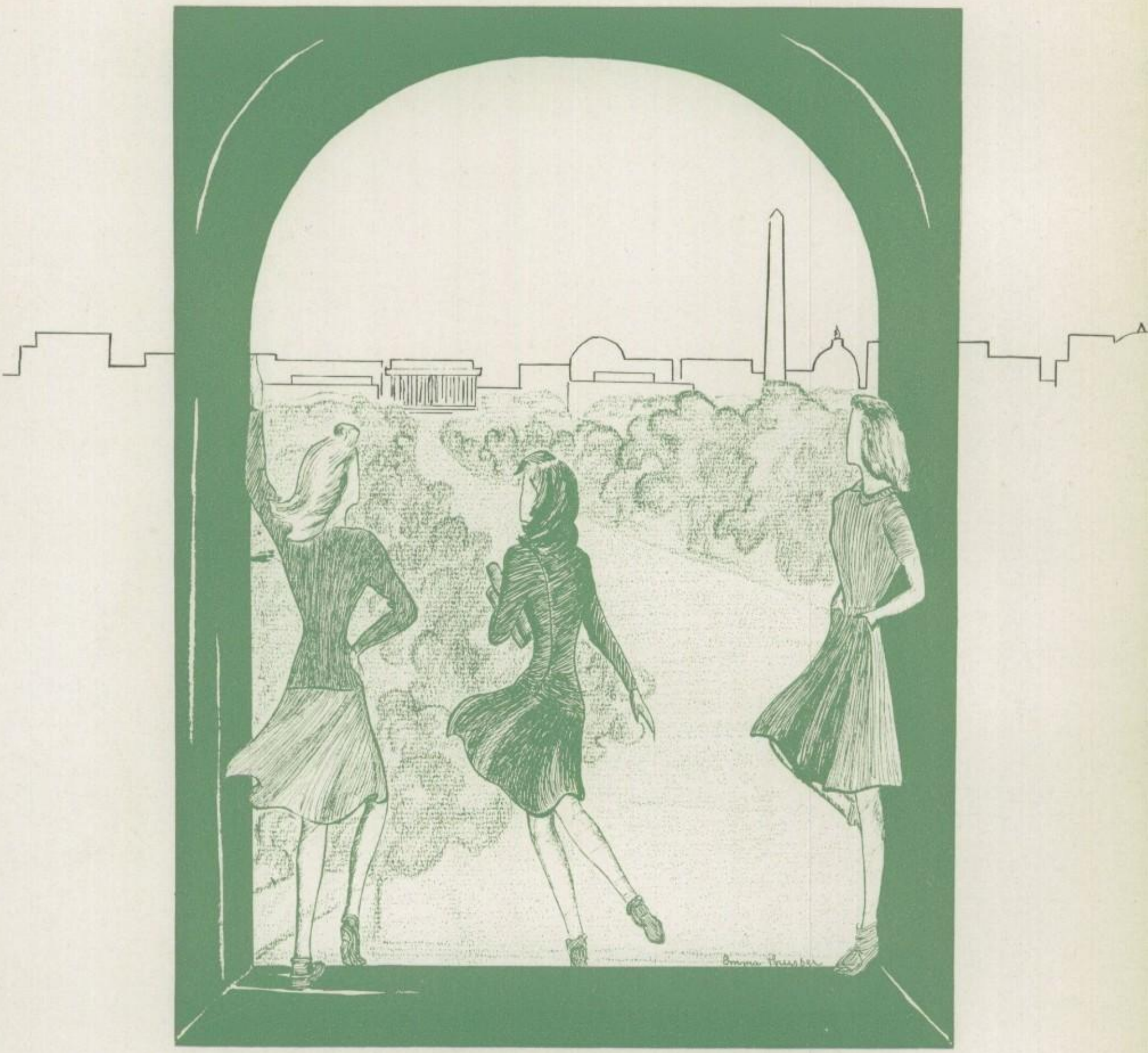
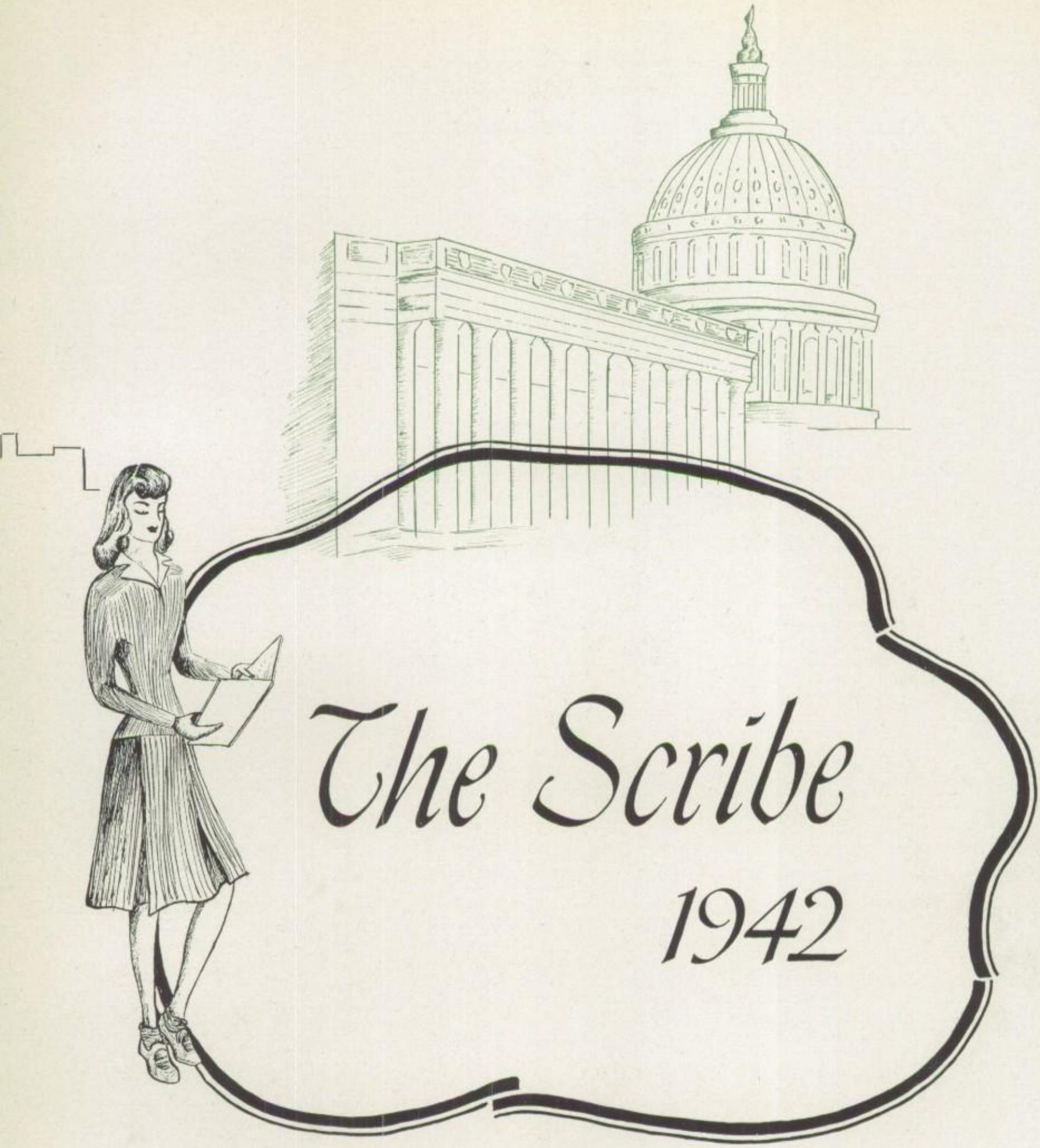
The Scribe

1942



Washington, 1942! Through the Open Door lies the sky line of a Democracy at War.



The Scribe

1942

Published by the Senior Class

of The Holton-Arms School,

Washington, District of Columbia

To Miss Fran . . . .

WE ALL KNOW Miss FRAN, Director of the Lower School. We all know that dynamic personality, that lovely red hair, that quick, sweet smile, which are proofs of a Scotch ancestry. Miss Fran came to Holton in 1914 from Springfield, Massachusetts. Two years later she left us to return to Springfield and the very important position of principal in a local school. It is a compliment to us that she found she couldn't forget the years she had spent teaching at Holton; luckily for us she decided to come back and has been here ever since. We're very glad she made this decision, for the school just wouldn't be the same without her.

She teaches us arithmetic and geography when we are very young, but somehow we never forget her, and long after we have been handed over to the tutelage of the Upper School we find ourselves dropping in at odd moments to see her again. We appreciate the hours she has spent teaching us in the classroom and the way her discipline has prepared us to carry on high standards of work in the upper grades. We appreciate her friendliness and the spirit and enthusiasm she puts into everything she does. We hope that by dedicating this year's SCRIBE to Miss Fran we can show her in a small way how much she means to all of us both as a teacher and as a friend.

Miss Frances Ronaldson

"... and This be Our Motto ..."

It is inevitable that in presenting The Scribe for 1942 the word "Democracy" should come forth. These pages have been written in the midst of troubled times. The United States is a nation at war. We, a liberty-loving people, are being called upon to keep Democracy and all that the word means from being wiped from the face of the earth. Nowhere are the principles of this democratic way of life set forth more clearly than in the Bill of Rights of our Constitution. We are fighting to preserve the *Freedom of Speech*, *Freedom of Assembly*, and *Freedom of the Press* which this document declares is our birthright.

This, then, is the theme of our book. Around the Bill of Rights we have woven the story of the school year. We have tried to show how these "freedoms" enter into our everyday life at Holton-Arms. We have endeavored to bring home to every pupil who will read the book that each time she voices an opinion, reads

THE BILL OF RIGHTS

the newspaper, or assembles with her classmates to hear Mrs. Holton's Monday morning talks, she is enjoying one of the privileges granted to her by the Bill of Rights—privileges which not many people in this war-torn world are able to enjoy.

If these pages will recall to the seniors memories which they will treasure in future days, if they will record for the other forms the principal events of the past school year, if they will give to any friends who may see the book an intimate glimpse into our life at Holton-Arms, and finally, if they will bring home to each and every reader the true meaning of Democracy, then our work will not have been in vain and we shall be content.

It is with these thoughts in mind that we, the editors, in behalf of the Senior Class of the Holton-Arms School, invite you to read through the pages of the Democratic Scribe for 1942.

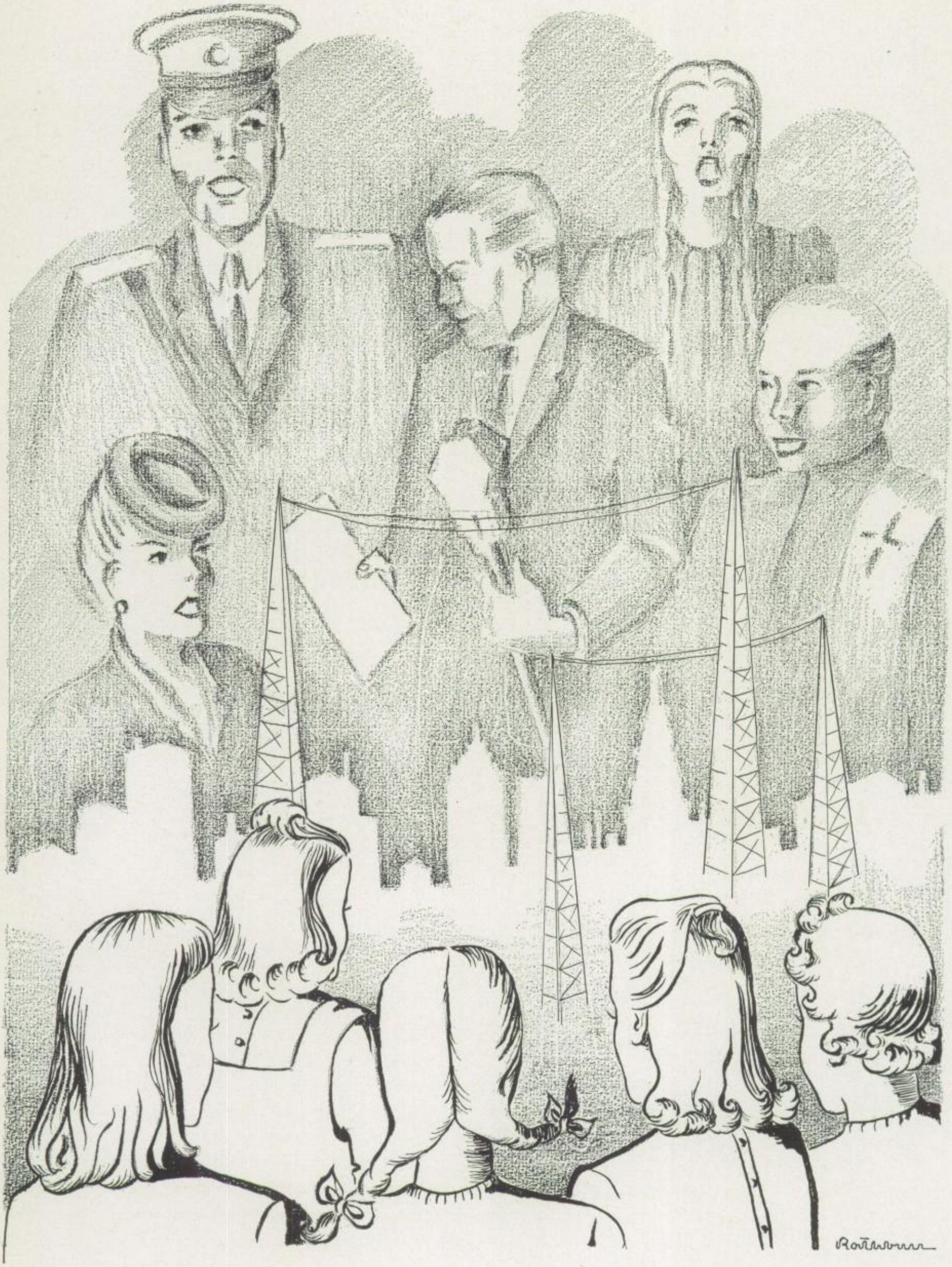
We, the people, have our President; we, the pupils, have Mrs. Holton. *She is our unanimous choice, infallible and beloved—our leader "far into the distant future. . ."*

The all-important office of principal is in the hands of versatile Miss Hodder, *our vice-president, coordinator-in-chief, our Bureau of Information, rolled into one.*

Freedom of Speech

A TEACHER VOICES HER OPINION of J. P. Marquand's current novel; a pupil raises her hand and disagrees with it. A boarder turns on her radio to hear the latest news; a group of seniors gathers in the back of study hall to discuss the international situation and everything else under the sun. Holton-Arms is enjoying Freedom of Speech.

On the following pages you will see the beaming faces of our never-say-die teachers, the rather serious images of our exalted seniors, and the innocent expressions of the care-free undergraduates who are still too young to realize what lies ahead for them. The biographies of the seniors were written by kind friends who very obligingly stressed the good points and overlooked the bad. The Bill of Rights gives you the privilege of taking them all with a grain of salt.



"Eternal Vigilance"

You are about to be introduced to Holton's hard-working cabinet, alias the Faculty. Behold the Secretaries of English. Miss Lurton gets us safely into college, while Miss Fox keeps us up with the latest in the literary world. Miss Corbet is the new addition, and the only person we know who can navigate the library is Miss Phillips.

If you can't learn Latin and French under Secretary of Languages Shearman you may as well give up. Or let Miss Fischer help you out. For "the real McCoy" in French accents go to Madame Bernier, and for an interpretation of the Spanish language run to Señor Sanz—if you can find him!

We meet the forefathers who moulded our Democracy through Secretary of History, Miss Ethel. Busy Miss McClellan teaches European history, advises day school student government and The Scribe, and miraculously finds time to go on breathing.

A commotion on the third floor usually means that the physiography class is having hysterics again as Miss Brown moves mountains, melts glaciers, or tells "a good one" on Mrs. Holton in her inimitable way. Then she still has the energy to teach mathematics and history of art. Miss Solter conducts lab periods, pulls together Miss Brown's loose ends, and answers innumerable questions posed by her youthful chemists and physicists. The other secretary of this department, Miss Dun-

Take two grains of Aspirin and re tell Jean
And mix them up at mid-night.
You'll get a girl called May Hall
Who is my heart's delight.

bracco, explains the mysteries of geometry and sociology to befuddled students.

Commander-in-chief of the army of athletes is Miss Feiker, with Miss Bonner as first-sergeant. Miss Happer inspires us in modern dancing to do the impossible, besides being Holton's secretary and Propaganda Department.

The artists are guided by Miss DeLane and Mrs. Banes in SCRIBE and class work. Mrs. Meade trains our interior decorators and costume designers. Mrs. Rice handles the Dramatic Club, while Miss Feiker and Miss Johnson draw melody from the Glee Club. Mrs. Frost and Mrs. Kaspar are the Secretaries of Music. Ask the new music appreciation class about Bach or Beethoven; they can tell you all, thanks to Mrs. Frost.

The typing department is ruled by Mrs. Townsend; Miss Bunch teaches spelling, and Miss Summerlin persuades cakes to rise for frustrated cooks-to-be.

Miss Fran has become a Holton tradition as director of the Lower School. Her admirers are not confined to the sub-sub-debs.

Queen of the Primary is Mrs. Macfarlane, assisted by Miss Myers, Miss Lemoine, Mrs. Morrison, and Miss Rogers.

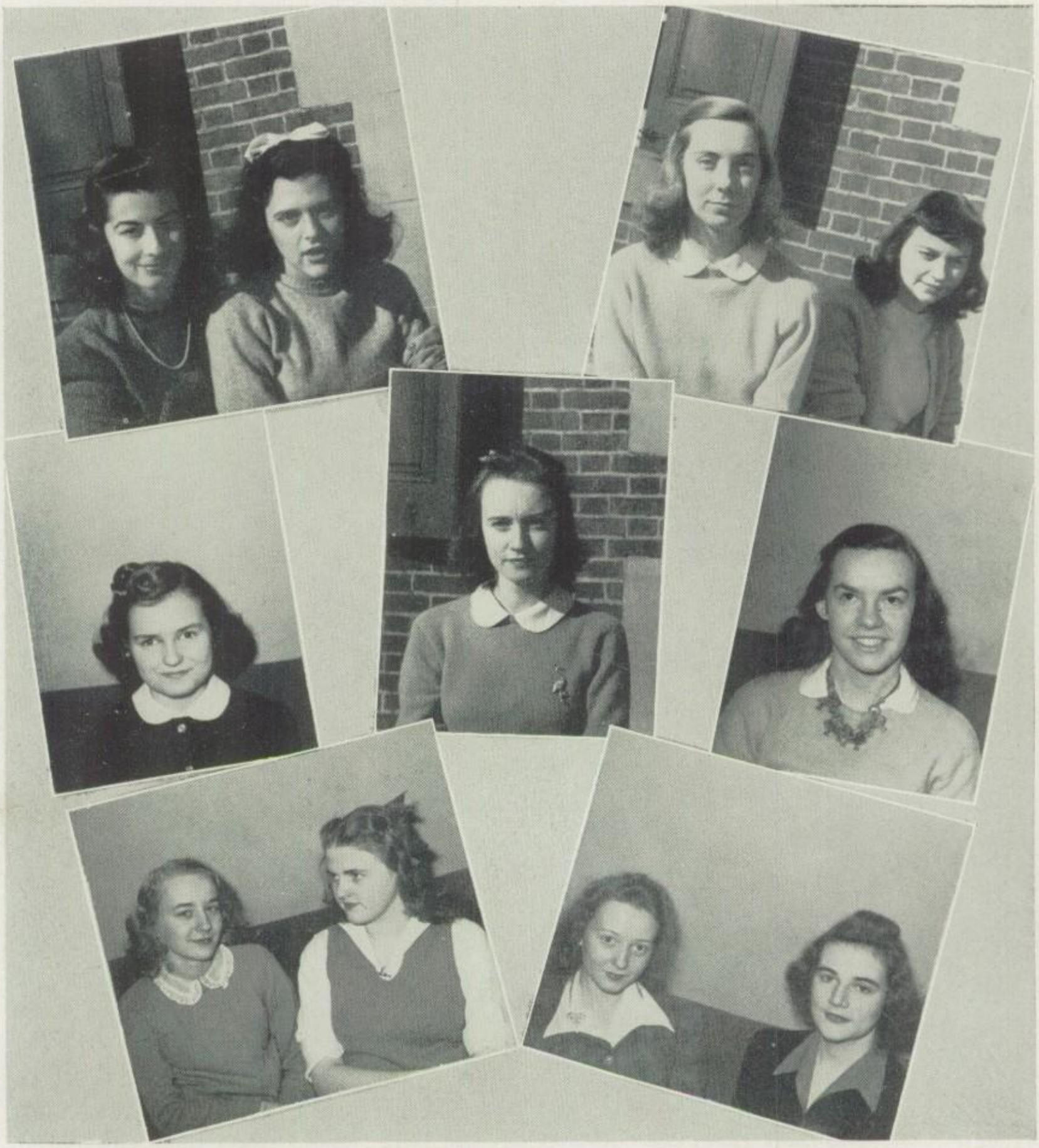
The boarders are kept well fed by Mrs. Amstutz, as well as out of trouble by Mrs. Smith, Miss Solter, Miss Bunch, Miss McClellan, Miss Johnson, and Miss Bonner.

Saully, the Red Cross personified, takes care of our ills and helps the Defense effort with the stamps she wins at Russian Bank.

The Faculty—our vote is for them!

Holtie, old bean! - Now's the time to be cute, but I'd rather say in all seriousness "You've been such a help to me all year in many ways - I think you know them — and I do appreciate you and your grand personality more than you'll ever know."
You'll have to come see me next year. Good

"Hail to the Chiefs"



HELEN SMITH, leader of the Whites, and Betty Woolf, leader of the Blues; Chippy Hall, director of the S Street houses, and Alice Bagby, president of the Scroll; Marianne Williamson, editor of THE SCRIBE; Mary Johnston, president of the Senior Class; Barbara Menninger, president of the H.A.A. and business manager of THE SCRIBE; Elizabeth Marlowe, Upper School director, and Mary O'Neal, Lower School director; Jean Hurd, president of the Glee Club, and Mary Holt Whittle, president of the Dramatic Club and Bancroft director.

ALICE BAGBY

College Preparatory Course

AT LAST WE HAVE FOUND someone who has that much-celebrated dry sense of humor. With a Miami sun-tan, a contagious laugh, and a head crammed full of brains and originality, Alice keeps '25 alive and spirited. She can have her serious moments, too. As president of the Scroll, advertising manager of THE SCRIBE, and holder of high honor rank, she proves this. In addition to preparing for Smith, Alice finds time to keep slim with modern dancing and to strum a melodious guitar.

MARYALICE BRATTAIN

College Preparatory Course

AIRPLANES AND MARYALICE just seem to go together, for her father is Vice-President of Eastern Air Lines, and her major interest is flying. Singing is her specialty and that sweet, strong voice makes a mighty fine backbone for the Glee Club. This talent is combined with a brain which has earned her honor rank and a science award. Skidmore holds charms for Maryalice, and she plans to major in music there next year. Our own opinion is that her success is assured.

MARTHA CLARK

College Preparatory Course

AT THE TENDER AGE of six months Martha traveled to the West and claims that she remembers clearly the Grand Canyon, which she visited during this trip. With this fact in mind it is extraordinary that she should envy Mrs. Holton her memory. This year Martha has been an enthusiastic member of both the Dramatic and Glee Clubs. Her main interest is "anything in a uniform." Her lofty ambitions are to get on the honor roll, and to marry and have three boys.

KATHARINE COLVIN

College Preparatory Course

IF THERE IS ONE school activity in which Katie—oops! pardon us—Katharine has not taken part, we defy you to name it. Athletics, Dramatic Club, singing, Scroll, SCRIBE, captaincy in Student Government—she's done them all. In her spare time—notice that!—she travels all over the United States, especially to New Orleans, indulges in a passion for dancing, "ballroom and otherwise," and goes to watch other people act. Although she's leaving us, we're sure to hear echoes of her success.

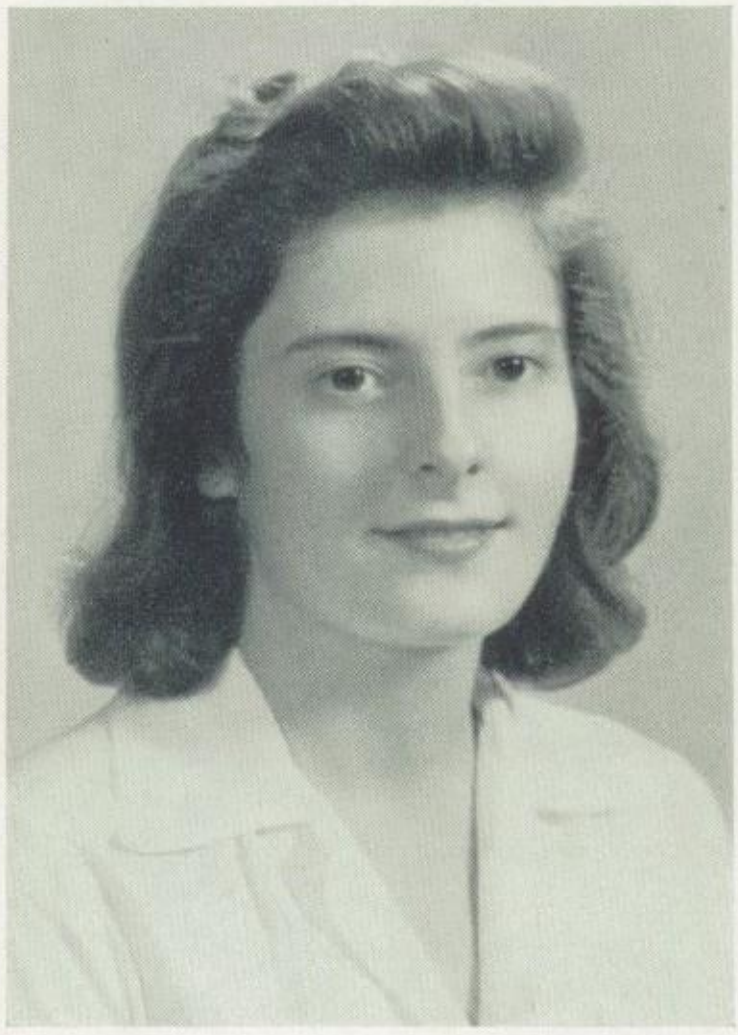
OLGA COOKE

Junior College Course

COOKIE FIRMLY BELIEVES in the democratic idea of keeping happy both the Army and Navy—to say nothing of a great part of the civilian population. A Navy Junior, she has taken an active interest in Navy society here in Washington and writes up the Navy society news for the *Times-Herald*. After graduation Olga wants to do some kind of defense work—but we have a feeling that her main work will be keeping up the morale of the Service.

NANCY PORTNER DERBY

General Course



QUIET, RESERVED, and persevering, Nancy attacks her tasks and accomplishes them. She loves to read, and it is probably from her hours spent among her books that she has acquired the extraordinary imagination which can be discovered behind her every word. Her cherished ambition is to learn to fly a plane, and we know that she will realize this dream with a twist of the wrist and in no time at all be holding her own with the best of the future Amelia Earharts.

NANCY ANNE DUNKLE

College Preparatory Course

COWBOY BOOTS, a Texas accent, two piercing blue eyes, a sweet smile, and a superior mind—that's our own Nancy, the Army brat who always cheers for Navy. Nancy is a shining light in Miss Brown's history of art class and, especially interested in music, she is a beautiful pianist. Her ambitions are to go to Texas Christian University and to take care of her business interests on her ranch in Texas, for "most anyone can get married."

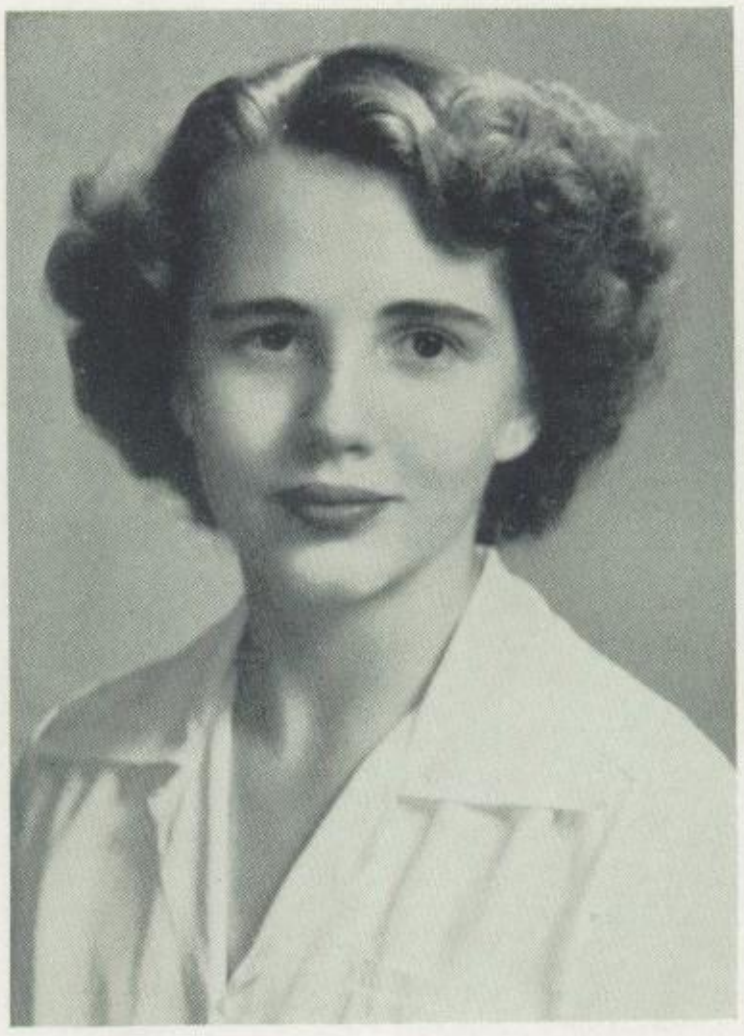
VICTORIA CAROLINE EMBRY

College Preparatory Course

"CA'LINE" HAILS from Kentucky and lived there long enough to have the "flavor last." Even with half of her mind on the banks of the Severn, she manages to get honor rank and has time for Scroll, SCRIBE, music, languages, and bridge. But don't say we told you, for she would rather die than admit how smoothly the wheels go 'round in that pretty head. She is definitely the kind of blonde that gentlemen prefer, but Sweetbriar is bound to love her, too.

JOAN SHAFFER FERGUSON

General Course



TAKE A LOOK at this picture. Like her? So do we. Beauty, brains, and personality plus. That's "Fergie." We love to meet up with her, for there is never a dull moment in her vicinity. The same fertile brain which produces those priceless quips is responsible for her membership in the Scroll and many of the pages of THE SCRIBE. Envy her we must, yet we can't help loving her. Student, Wit, Glamour Girl . . . and Friend! But definitely!

MARY FITZGERALD HALL

Junior College Course

CHIPPY, née Mary Fitzgerald (!), was elected director of the S Street houses —unanimously, of course. She hates tapping a reproving pencil in the library; does it with an apologetic wistfulness cute to behold. A conscientious student, Chippy has proven her dependability in many ways. She has only to approach us with "What about your pictures?" (she's in charge of senior photographs) or "This is for Queen Elizabeth"—and suddenly we're ready to do or die. That's just the way we feel about Chippy.

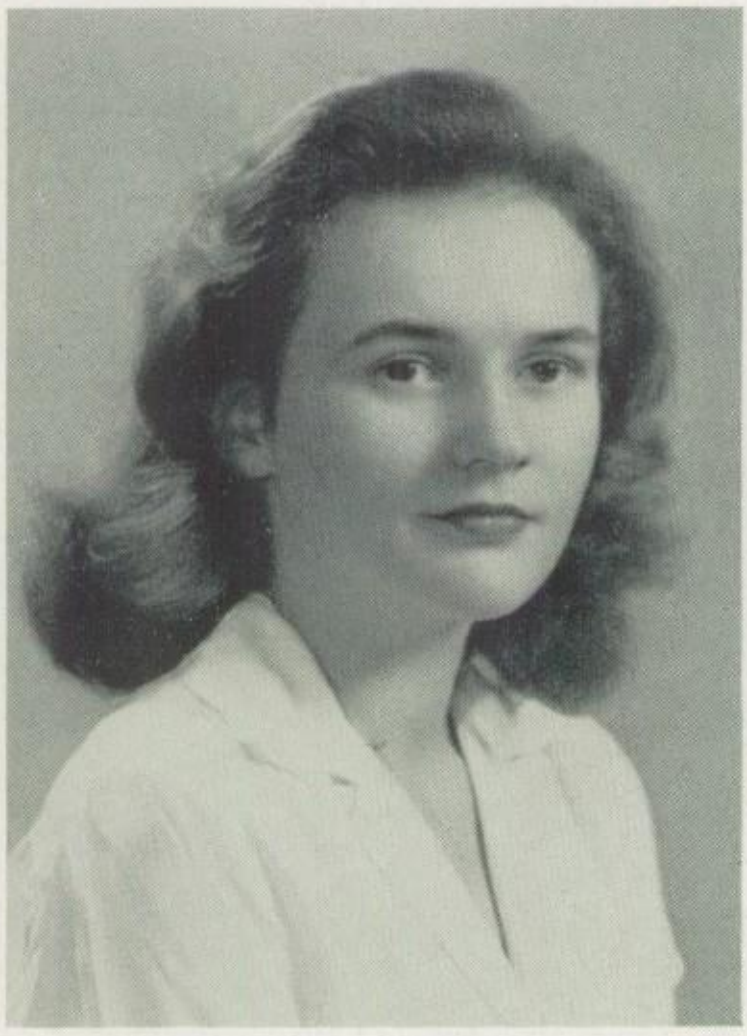
Dearest Holtie —
Miss Phillips
Told me To Tell ya
That you made T
much noise i
the library and
I think so too !
will you ev
forget our little
meetings ?
"Stupid Aveni
Holtie, old
gal, it seem
has been ---
knowing you
and I might ad
That you ever
did just Nashv
ville on the map
for me !
Lots of love.
Chippy

my diamond pin ?!
(

MARGARET B. HAMBLEY

General Course

MARGARET WAS BORN in New York City of English heritage, and she is a prime example of all-out love for Britain. Her hobby is her autograph book, which is kept at the White House and in which all the "cabbages and kings" must sign. After Holton, she hopes to go to London to work in the American Embassy. In the meantime "Rollie" amuses herself by playing any convenient piano, riding vigorously, and walking everywhere.



MARJORIE GREENWOOD HILL

College Preparatory Course

MARJORIE is that blithe spirit who flits through our halls spreading sunshine in the form of wise cracks and laughter wherever she goes. In her saner moments she manages to keep up an enviable standard in her studies and to take many and varied rôles in all school plays, for she is a ringleader in the Dramatic Club. Next year William and Mary will claim Marjorie's time and interests, and we know that she will prove a welcome addition.

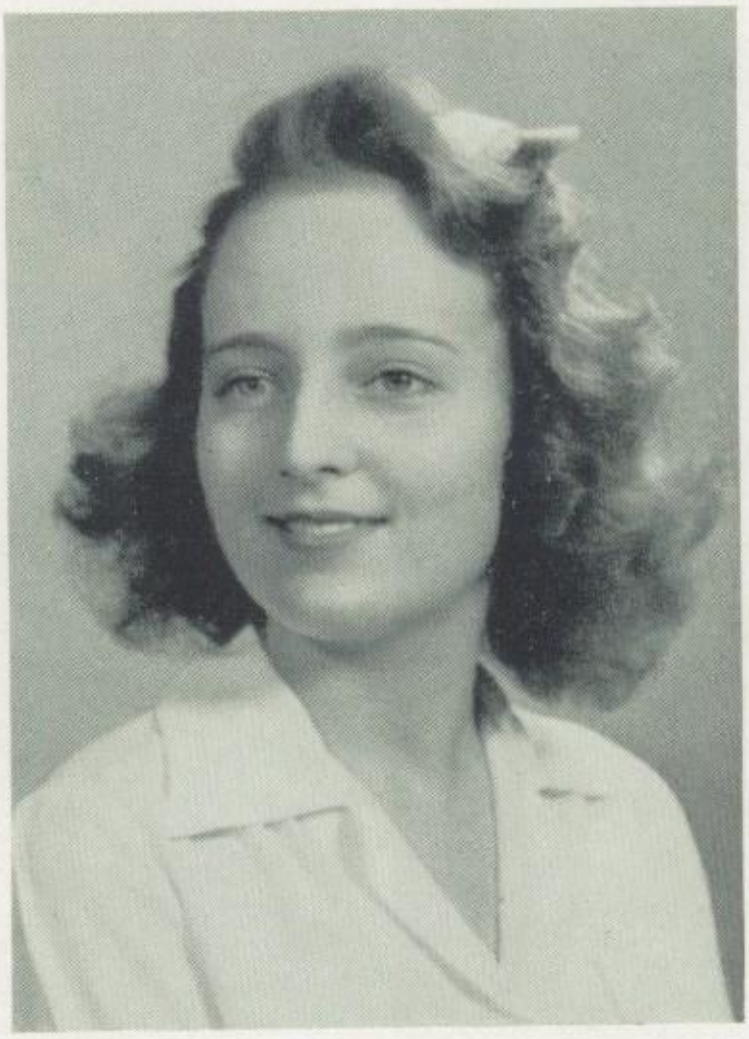
HARRIET JEAN HURD

General Course

IT IS NEWS to us that Jean's first name is really Harriet, but *not* news that her ambition is to be an exclusive designer like Hattie Carnegie as well as a singer like Grace Moore. Her great talent in both fields of art certainly assures her success. With her lovely voice, it is only natural that Jean should be president of the Glee Club this year. In the fall she plans to attend Flora Stone Mather College in her beloved Ohio.

FLORENCE FULLER HYDE

College Preparatory Course



FLORENCE is a sort of half-and-half girl. We saw her first at the end of last year (she was at Holton studying for College Boards), and so when she appeared this year to join the senior class, we classed her as a fifty per cent new girl. She immediately set up the lares and penates in '15, and her next move was to become its captain. Next year linguistic ambitions will carry her to one of the colleges now being tentatively regarded.

SENIORS

ANN ELIZABETH JOHNSON

College Preparatory Course

TALL, DARK, AND WINSOME, Ann is a true Texan with plenty of the western fun and spirit. She is known and envied for her fraternity pin and that daily special from a certain devoted admirer. Ann is interested in riding —the western way,—traveling, and maintaining her B rank (quite an accomplishment for a first year girl!). Her heart is certainly in Texas, and, despite talk of Vassar, we predict that she will complete her education in the old home state.

MARY READING JOHNSTON

College Preparatory Course

BEHOLD THE HONOURED president of our class, who has been legally re-elected four times! Need we say more? If so, we might explain that Mary Johnston is immensely popular. You may see her enveloped in the coveted hockey blazer, for she is also our star athlete. When a male rôle needs to be filled in the Dramatic Club, they call on Mary, and she brings down the house. A little girl full of vivacity, enthusiasm, and leadership—it's a grand thing you're getting, Hollins!

Dearest Darling
Nellie, What are you
doing to me—write
me quick
making me scribe
in your minute before
the yellow paper
to now on my
dash) /
wonderful 22
is Yvette!
Mary J.

PAULINE NAWAHINE KING

College Preparatory Course

In case you didn't know, Pauline's other name is Nawahine, which is Hawaiian for "*the* lady." Her father is the delegate from Hawaii, and Pauline has made the trip from Honolulu to San Francisco seven times. Always smiling, Nawahine has brought the happy outlook of her native land to Holton and has made a host of friends in America. Next year she is going to Sarah Lawrence and after college she may return to Hawaii to live—if a certain American doesn't change her plans.

MARJORIE LEWIS

Junior College Course

Marjorie is—well, different. Her dark red hair turns under in a long page-boy, and she often defies tradition by wearing scarlet or burgundy. When music is in the air, you'll find Marjorie on her toes; her pirouettes reveal a soul full of rhythm. In that Texas twang she told us that she's headed for Duke, "if I can get in." We don't share her apprehensions, for Marjorie has proved that she can do almost anything once she makes up her mind.

SYLVIA A. L. LEWIS

College Preparatory Course

SYLVIA SAYS—quote—"I'm a very inexperienced girl!"—but in the next breath declares that she has been in most of the states of the Union, to say nothing of Canada and Mexico. She's even lost herself in a flood in Reno, Nevada. Draw your own conclusions. She is very interested in flying and has already taken a few lessons. She will probably soon be whizzing through the clouds, if plans for secretarial school and nursing allow her any spare time in the future.

JO-HARVEY LONG

College Preparatory Course

Jo IS KNOWN for her lovely brown eyes, her neat room, and her financial difficulties when she comes to balance her budget. For whom does the telephone always ring? Who always waits patiently, and with results, at the mail tables? None other than Jo, the Bancroft habitué, the confidante of '25. Jo's future plans are still undecided. Whether to study interior decorating in New York or to become a "white collar girl" at home in Hot Springs, Arkansas, is now the question.

ANN E. LUETZENKIRCHEN

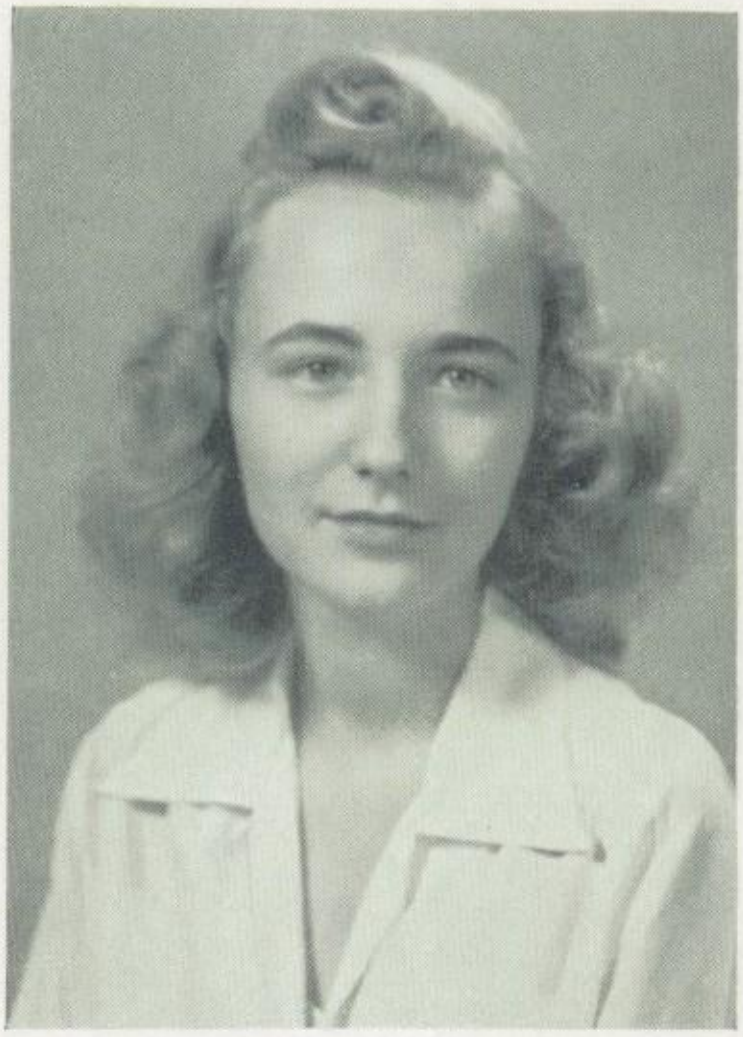
College Preparatory Course

AS AN ARTIST'S DAUGHTER, Ann comes in for even more talent than is rightfully her share; a professionally paint-bedaubed smock is a familiar part of her costume. She is also a proficient member of the Dramatic Club, having been well trained through playing in summer stock, and manages to sandwich in modeling jobs for newspapers and ambitions to be a scientist. Definitely college material, she has not as yet decided to which campus she will carry her many abilities.

ELIZABETH L. MARLOWE

College Preparatory Course

LIZ HAS ACCOMPLISHED the next-to-impossible task of being Upper School Director and still remaining fast friend of those she so jovially sends back to school on Saturday morning. In the moments when she is not playing the ogre, she is going to Scroll meetings, costume designing, or jitterbugging, rhumbaing, and waltzing with professional ability. Her tiny waist is the envy of us all. It's true—the best things come in small packages!



SENIORS

MARILYN MAXON

College Preparatory Course

SHE HAS BEEN AT HOLTON only one year, but in this time we have acquired a vivid impression of luminous brown eyes, Charlottesville calls, a melodious voice singing along with the victrola. Marilyn, who hails from Akron, says her chief ambition is to be able to understand her roommate's North Carolina accent. Eventually she wants to get married and live in Hawaii (this last stupefied us, too). Ohio State will have Marilyn next year and we know she will continue her high scholastic standing.

BARBARA MENNINGER

Junior College Course

EVIDENTLY those hours on the battleground of Señor Sanz's Spanish classes have been well spent for Barbara, for her study here, plus some outside work in Spanish shorthand, will probably bring her a position at a South American embassy next year. Versatility itself, she skips from brainwork to athletics without that characteristic Holton rush. She has been on the hockey team as well as a member of the Scroll, and this year is kept busy as SCRIBE business manager and president of the Athletic Association.

CAROLYN NEAL MONROE

Junior College Course

A LOVER of the "gay ranchero" is "Pepsie"—she's from Houston and another one of those ardent Texans. Especially interested in painting, she draws the most cherubic infants you ever saw—wants to follow through by taking up child training. But travel comes first, she says. Since travel has become a major operation under our present status, we raise a pessimistic eyebrow. Best of luck with those children, Pepsie! We can see another Edna Gladney in the making!

AILEEN HARRIS MORROW

College Preparatory Course

LAST TO BE READY, last to rise of a morning, and last to retire at nightfall—last but not least is Lena, a really superior and spirited maiden endowed with brains, much tact, and charm. When Lena talks about her "fuzz" (furs to the uneducated) one gathers that she is a product of the deep South. Lena's bent is music—she's going to major in it at Smith. Her favorite sport is insomnia. Providing a sufficiently "superman" pops the question, Lena wouldn't say "no"!

Dear Mamma Whittle:
Listen-ole dear - This school would be absolutely pepless, spiceless and listless without you! If anybody's personality ever did bubble over it was certainly yours!! Seriously - I do hope our paths will cross again but soon.
Much love to the Bancroft joy in my life,
Lena

JEANNETTE CRAVER NELSON

College Preparatory Course

WANT ANY INFORMATION about Scotland or the Philippines? Just ask Jeanne. It simply wouldn't be practical to set down here all her hobbies, interests, and ambitions. There are too many of them. She's the most valuable alto in the Glee Club and interested in everything from canoeing to dramatics. Besides learning to read braille and becoming a great musician, Jeanne wants to go to college—she isn't sure where. But there is one thing of which she is sure—marriage in the Service.

BETSY BUCKNER NOE

Junior College Course

BETSY'S incongruous ambitions are "to own a chipmunk farm and to have seven little tow-headed boys with blue eyes." Knowing Betsy, we wouldn't put a thing past her, so we wish her success on both projects. A rabid Tennessean, she would like to rewrite all the American history books, and you can bet the War between the States would turn out quite differently. Member of the Scroll and an honor student, Betsy plans on college—she's not sure which one yet.

ANNE NOYES

College Preparatory Course

A QUIET GIRL with an all-enveloping smile, Anne has maintained a B average and won the coveted prize of graduation. She's another determined "one-year-girl." Aside from conscientious scholastic work and the rheumatic contortions of modern dance, she finds room in her heart for one all-inspiring ambition—she says she's going to sleep late on Saturday mornings or bust! (Confidentially, Anne, we have a similar yearning—so give us the low-down, will you?) "Ohio State next year," she says.

MARY HAMILTON O'NEAL

College Preparatory Course

BORN IN KENTUCKY, Mary proves the well-known saying that the Blue Grass State is famous for its charming women. Her irrepressible sense of humor keeps us all going when life becomes too realistic. Mary is appreciated not by her contemporaries alone—she is the Lower School Director. She is popular among the younger girls and sits in splendor in study hall surrounded by her small worshippers. Her ambitions are to go to Vassar, and later to "make some man a good husband."

the side in the drawing room (got this
~~start~~ tickled ~~t~~ stuck in the door);
our reference room conversations
and jokes); our briefs about
Adam and Eve
and Sarah and Bill, and term (our troubles) term
to coincide — I'll never forget
the things we've done on you.

LOUISE DONIPHAN O'REILLY

Junior College Course

BELLS MEAN NOTHING to Louise—in fact she says she often doesn't hear them! You don't have to look twice at her name, or at her!, to know that she is Irish through and through. Nor must one listen to her long to know that she possesses a unique sense of humor which never fails to pep up any gathering, be it Scroll meeting, composition class, or just plain bull session. With interests and talent galore, Louise unsuccessfully, but charmingly, tries to conceal a wonderful brain.

MARGARET H. O'REILLY

College Preparatory Course

THE ONE WORD which will make Margaret appear like a shot from behind the tantalizing cover of the latest and most talked about novel is "Virginia." Lynchburg was her birthplace and, until very recently, her home. This year she reluctantly pulled up stakes and moved to the alien land of Richmond. Hollins is her aim for next year, and especially appealing and appropriate is that extensive horseback riding course, which she hopes will occupy as much time as the educational offerings of the college.

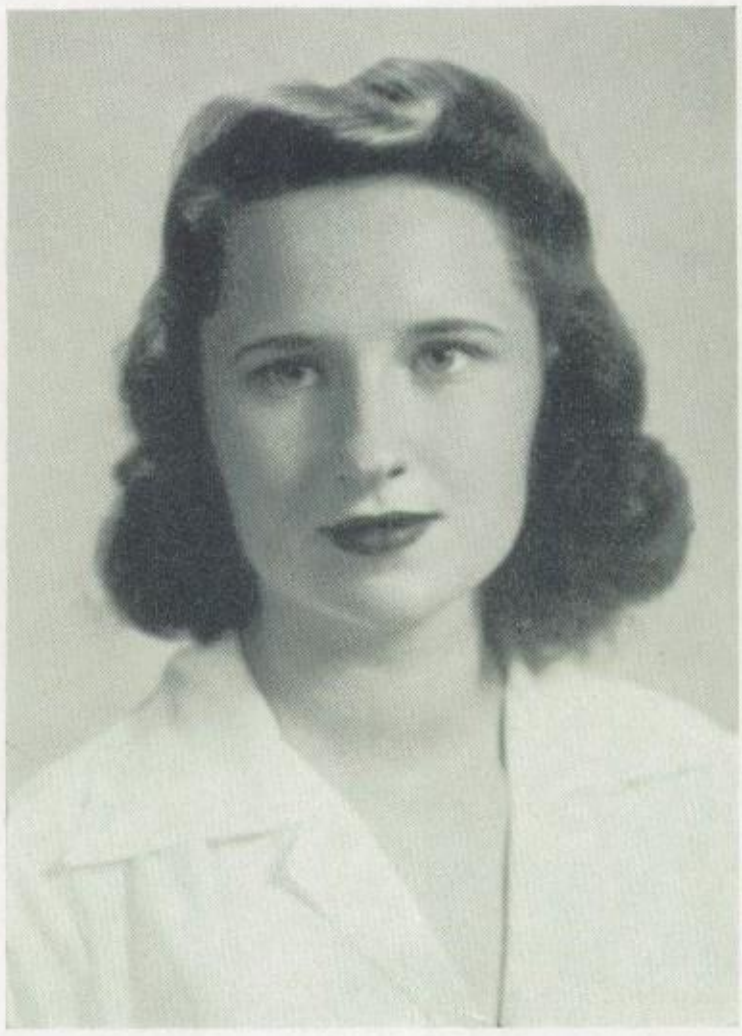
VIRGINIA OVENSHINE

College Preparatory Course

VIRGINIA is another of our popular "Army brats" and, like most of them, she has traveled everywhere in the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines. We know her as that "still, small" voice which always pops up with the most amazingly correct answers in physiography class and as the possessor of that gorgeous crop of fluffy blond hair. She likes nothing better than fiddling with a drawing pencil, except swimming, of course. Duke University is on the "must" list for next year.

LAURA SAWTELL PALMER

Junior College Course



BEFORE CHRISTMAS Laura wrote on her senior write-up blank that marriage was her only ambition. We said: "How candid," and went home for Christmas. Returning, we bumped into Laura, the sparkle in her eye equaled only by that of the miniature on her third finger, left hand. Nice going, Laura! Atlanta, Georgia, has been her home until recently when the Palmers came to Washington. Holton has seen two years of this charming Southerner, who used to think that "damn yankee" was one word.

LOIS MARILYN PECK

College Preparatory Course

Lois, in her one year here, has become an old-timer. Any day in the week she can be seen gabbing in the halls with Madame Bernier in streams of Spanish or tossing unintelligible phrases across the study hall to some of her Spanish-speaking confederates—hence her title, "the socialite of study hall." Her ambition is to go traveling all over South America. Music, especially Debussy and Franck, is her hobby, but she's far from being immune to jazz.

MARGARET M. PLUNKET

College Preparatory Course

KNOWN TO HER intimates as "Plunk" or "Peggy," this lively Alabamian is synonomous with a teasing smile, a saucily lifted eyebrow, and a Southern drawl. Her most cherished possessions are her monkey, Herman, and her envied tapering hands with those glamorous finger nails. Plunk plans to go next year to Sophie Newcomb in New Orleans and major in child psychology. She also favors "Lohengrinning" it up to the altar and putting a little of that training into practice.

ANN HAMILTON ROBERTS

College Preparatory Course

CONNECTICUT born and Carolina bred, "A. H." combines the character and intelligence of the North with the charm and gaiety of the South. This chic and outstanding individual has legs that Petty could use as models. Yet, was A. H. ever at an English conference? Did she ever balance her budget? Could she ever find her most prized lost article? Well— Her main interests at present are Chapel Hill, foreign languages, traveling, and good food.

LENORA BEAL ROSE

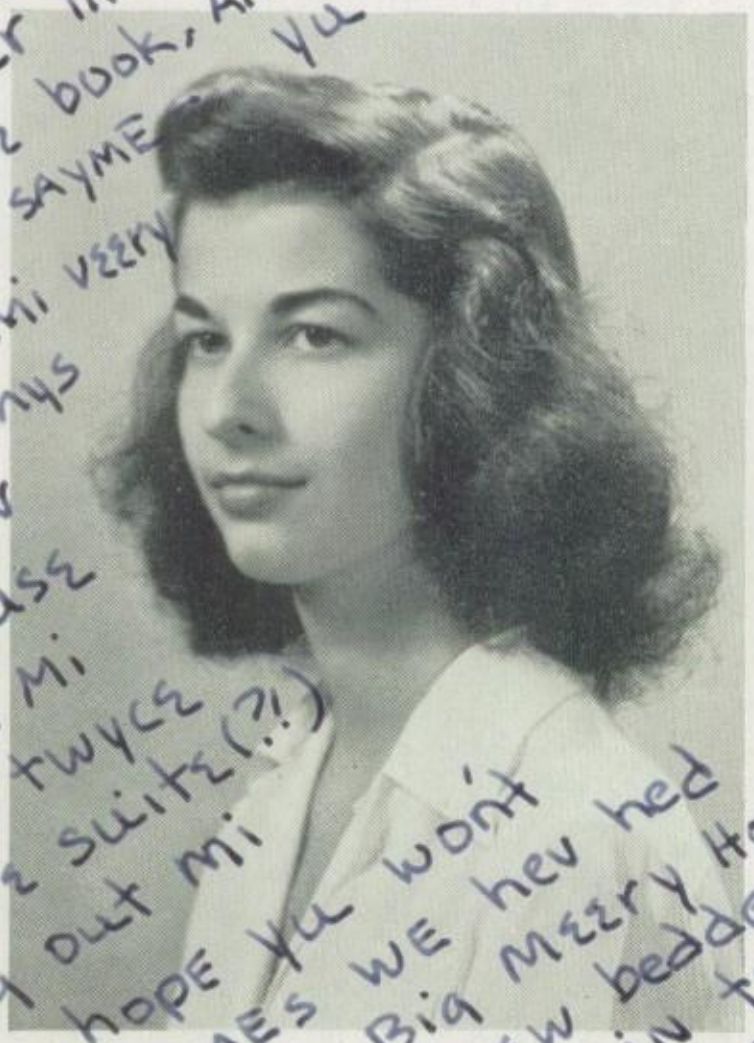
General Course

HATS OFF to the most remarkable girl we've ever known! Lenora has won the undying admiration of faculty and students alike for her spirit and determination to reach the top even after a serious illness. No one but Beal could have done the impossible, but she's done it and with high honors. Possessing that much-talked-of intellectual curiosity, she is a boon to her teachers—"Lenora really appreciates!" they crow. On top of these attributes, she is a charming person and we love her!

ELIZABETH ANN SHERMAN

General Course

BEING a well-traveled Navy Junior, charged with ambitions to be a nurses' aid after graduation, Ann seems determined to dedicate her life to the Service. If she would only shift her affections to the Army, she would be a good candidate for the cavalry, for she teaches riding at a girls' camp as a summer occupation. But her frequent trips to the Naval Academy seem to indicate that she will remain unwaveringly loyal to the "Na-vee."



HELEN ELIZABETH SMITH

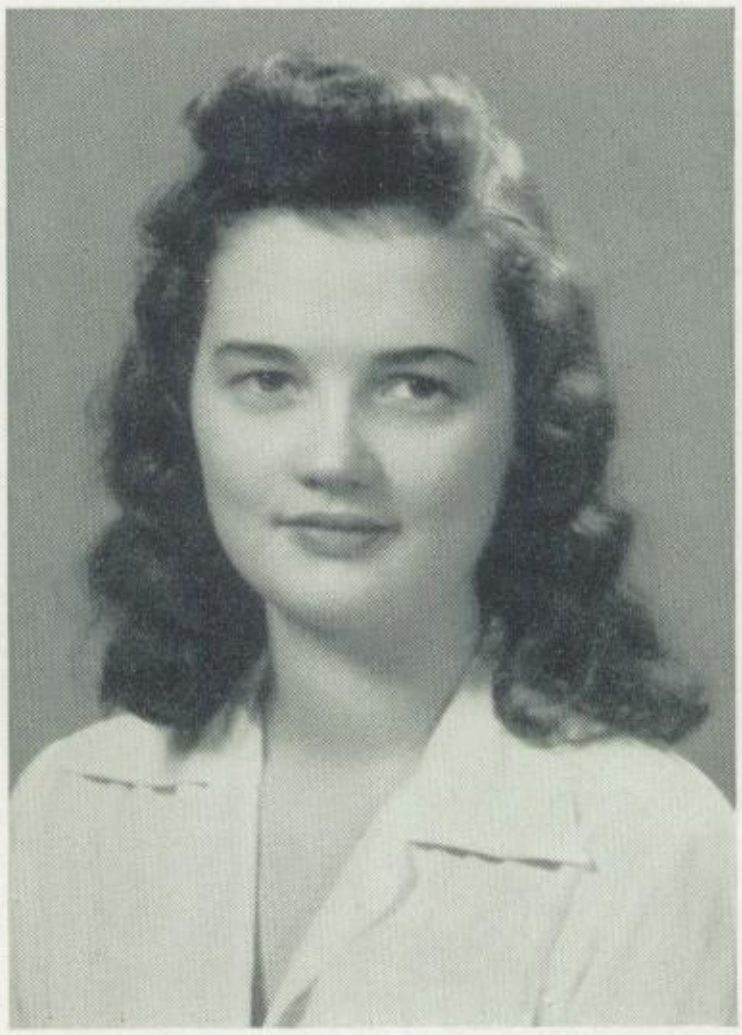
Junior College Course

DESPITE HER DUTIES as art editor of THE SCRIBE, secretary-treasurer of the senior class, and leader of the White team, she has found time to squeeze in a Richmond début. Nobody but Helen could accomplish such feats and still retain her energy and sparkle. Witty, always ready with the come-back no one else can think of, she possesses one of the most colorful personalities in school. Helen says, "No more college"; she wants to join the ambulance corps in Richmond.

JULIA ANN SPARKMAN

College Preparatory Course

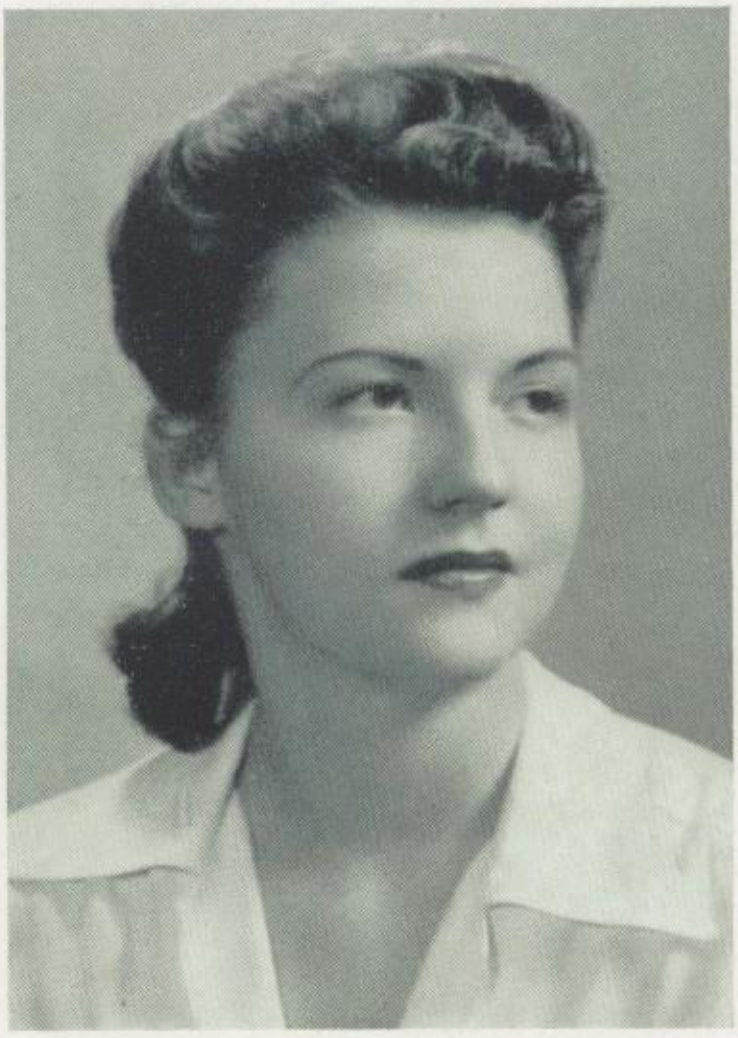
JUDY'S A SOUTHERNER from Alabama, where they believe in good times and know how to enjoy themselves. No exception, Julia Ann has taken part in every school activity from being on the honor roll to talking in study hall. Judy has a real love of people and people naturally love her. In the Dramatic Club plays her realistic weeping brought us all to tears. A potential Tallulah Bankhead, she hopes to follow in the footsteps of this famous actress from her home town.



GLORIA GLYN STEPHAN

Junior College Course

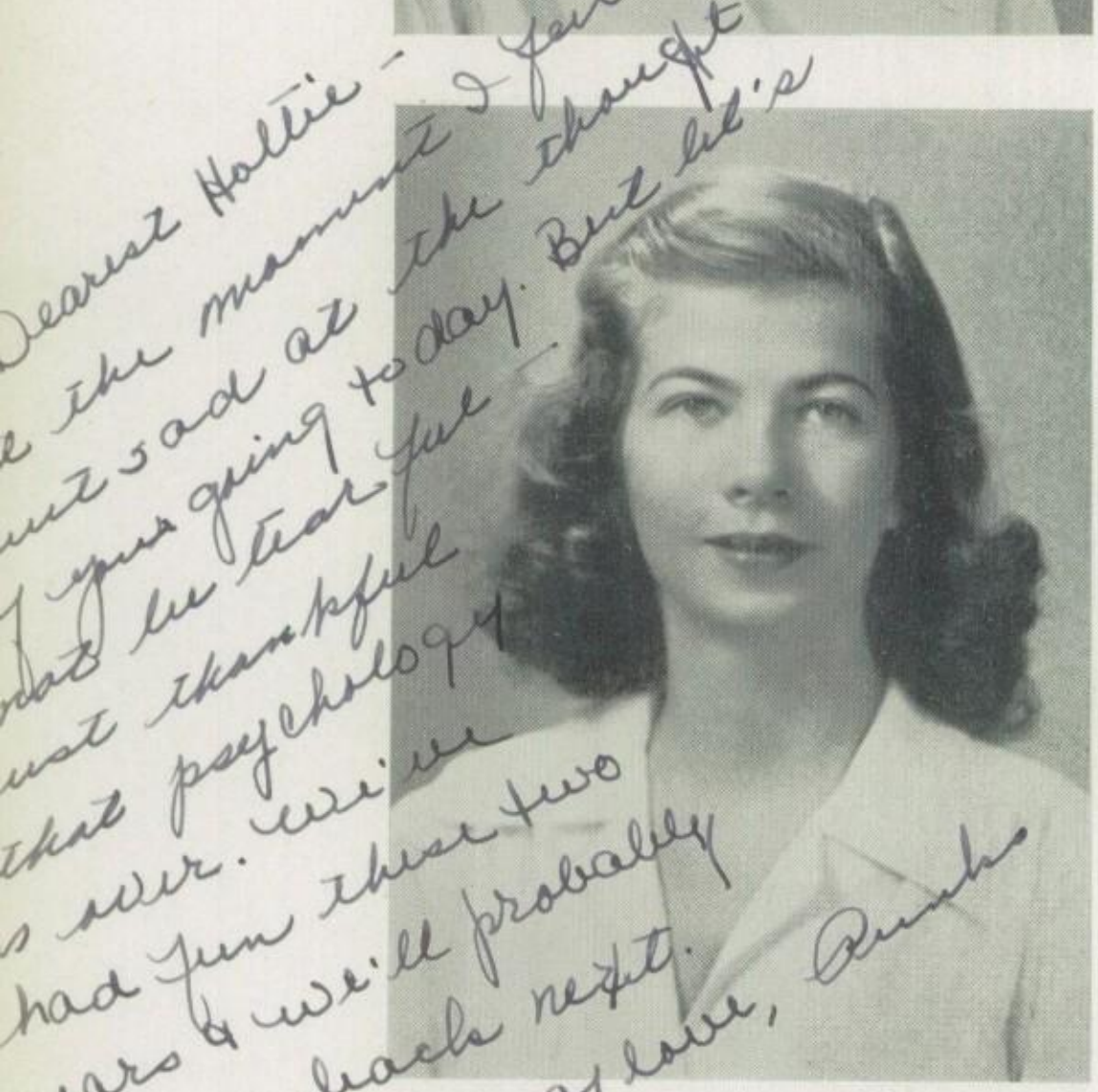
YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT on Gloria (some call her "GG") for innovations in hair-do's, clothes, and current suitors. She hails from Bryan, Texas, and is "right proud" of it. Gloria's travels have included practically the whole Western Hemisphere, but she's still partial to those New York week-ends. She says she wants to do social work after Holton or "make a stab at dress designing." But the University of Southern California is also in the offing.



LAURA VIRGINIA STICKLE

College Preparatory Course

VIRGINIA, a native Washingtonian, is a newcomer to Holton this year, but has been an enthusiastic member of the senior class as well as of the Glee Club. Her varied interests include Cugat's rhumbas and "men of the tall, dark, and handsome variety." This is perfectly in accord with her ambitions, which are to travel in South America, to speak Spanish with a Señor Sanz-like accent, and to get married. Her more immediate plans include either Swarthmore or Vassar College.



HARRIET MURRAY STURGIS

Junior College Course

GRADUATING from Holton is a hobby with Punks—she did it last year and now she's doing it again! We told her she didn't deserve another write-up and she nearly throttled us; so this is dedicated to her never-say-die perseverance. Punks is a mite of a creature and when she's around us, the situation is painfully suggestive of a chihuahua among giant redwoods. Somehow Punks has a beautifully developed brain, wants to do Big Things with it. What college? She hasn't decided.

MIRIAM T. TITTMAN

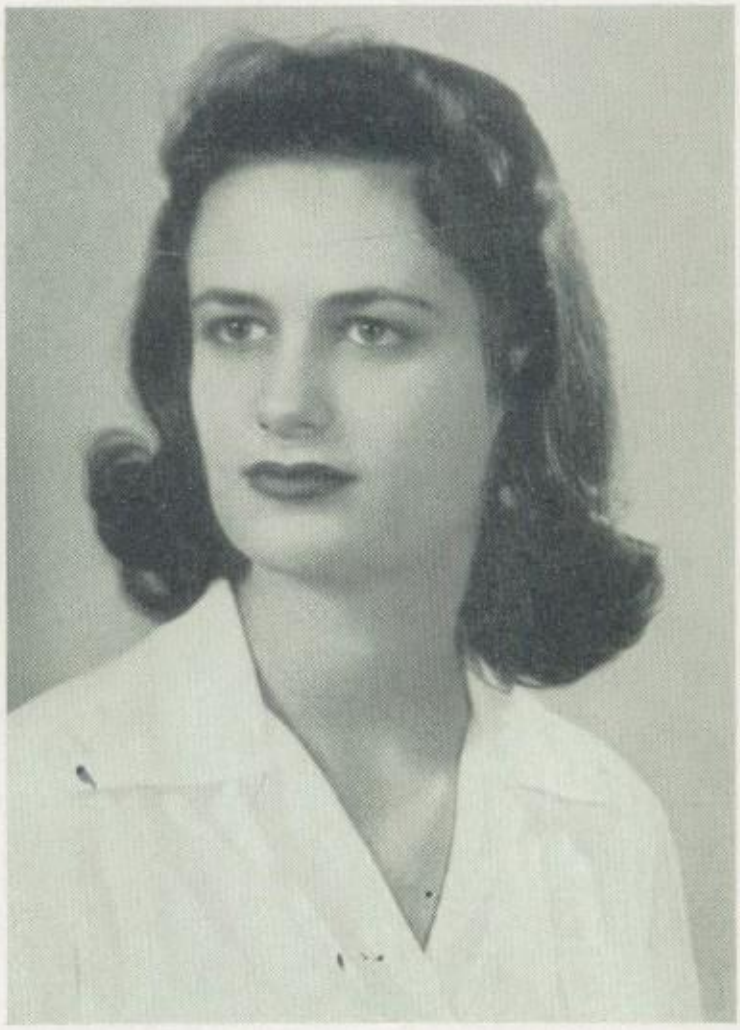
College Preparatory Course

FROM THE THIRD GRADE Miriam has wended her way up to the point of graduating, collecting a science prize in the process. Her interest is held by her many hobbies, animals (she declares that she loves them all except snakes and the Japanese!), and the Dramatic Club. Apparently Miriam is quite ambitious, because she is looking forward to becoming a scientist, an actress, and a famous poet. It is up to Hollins College to help her make these goals.

LOUISE L. D. VANCE

College Preparatory Course

LOUISE came to Holton from Kentucky and liked it so well that she stayed—for thirteen years, no less! We, who knew her in those days 'way back, remember her as a little girl who could never get anywhere in one piece with everything in the right place. But today we have heard from a certain party—and we quote—that she is "that dark, sultry beauty down at Holton." We would add, that in sweetness and Southern charm, she is really tops.



ROBERTA VEVERKA

College Preparatory Course

LITTLE ROBERTA has the distinction of being one of the most cheerful-looking girls at Holton in spite of her duties as a member of the Student Government. We've seen Bobbie's delightful acting in the Dramatic Club plays, but we notice that riding and sleeping also make claims on her spare time. College plans are indefinite, but Vassar is a probability. Wherever she goes, however, we know that Roberta's quiet and charming personality is sure to be an asset.

MARY HOLT WHITTLE

Junior College Course

EVERYBODY LOVES HOLTIE, probably because she is such a generous and understanding person, always ready to sympathize, to encourage. As busy as the ancient bee this year, Holtie is the enthusiastic president of the Dramatic Club (an actress, too—remember her side-splitting male characterizations?). She also finds time to lead Bancroft delinquents along the straight and narrow path. Holtie harbors deep feelings about Elizabeth Barrett Browning and reads her sonnets to anybody who will listen. "Red Cross next year," says Holtie.

MARY ALICE WILLIAMS

Junior College Course

MARY ALICE is envied universally for those black-lashed blue eyes and her gorgeous taste in clothes. As if these blessings were not enough, she is also an accomplished pianist (if you've never heard her "Bolero" you've never lived). Her suite-mates have finally oriented themselves to Mary Alice's high-pressure (and fatal—we know!) sales-talks on products à la Beauty Counselor: "If you crave beauty, I can sell it to you," she warbles. And don't think we don't break our necks cooperating!

MARIANNE WILLIAMSON

College Preparatory Course

HERE WE HAVE the only Guiding Light who doesn't act the part. Unbelievable is the word for it. Letters for hockey and basketball, Student Government captain, Glee Club, Scroll, SCRIBE Editor-in-Chief, honor roll—that's only half the story. A grind? Conceited? A stuffed shirt? Don't make us laugh. This girl's got—well, everything. Far be it from us to wish her luck; she doesn't need it. Just wait until Smith College sees the unassuming way that she breaks records!

BETTY WOOLF

College Preparatory Course

BRINGING WITH HER the color and charm of old New Orleans, "Woolfie" enlivens any crowd with her irresistible vivacity and quick wit. Her sleek, blue-black hair, her questioning black eyes, her white teeth, together with that intangible sparkle make her a vivid and outstanding person. Betty's chief interests include journalism, in which she plans to major next year at Sophie Newcomb College, a certain Phi Delta Theta in a shiny green convertible, and the Blue team whose members elected her its leader this year.

Special Students

HERE YOU SEE pictured those Holtonites who defy any ordinary classification! They aren't seniors; and they aren't members of any class. So we call them "specials" and think that that's a pretty good name for them, too. Just listen to Kathryn Knowles or Kate Johnston do justice to Debussy or Bach, and we're sure you'll agree that their abilities are pretty unusual. It goes without saying that they are among the strongest supporters of Mrs. Frost's Tuesday afternoon musical teas. Special things are done in the world of paint and charcoal by talented Virginia Rusch and Phyllis Rathbun. When you're ready to have your house decorated in the latest style and the best of taste, or when you crave an eye-dazzling creation for the next college prom, call on Virginia—she'll know just how to help you out! As for Phyllis, look at the walls of the art room and her special gift will need no further explanation.

After having traveled over most of Europe and having lived in Belgium for such a long time that she had to relearn the art of reading English, Ida Wesson, another "special," decided to come to Holton this year. Last and least (she's 4 feet 11 inches) is Elvira Cheatham, whose grandiose ideas about a kindergarten of her own and whose boundless energy in caring for Bancroft's "younger generation" seems out of proportion to her size.

Dearest Cousin Holt-
Don't think it
aren't been fun being
with you this ye
cause it has. Our
trip to ol' Virginia wasn't
half bad either - "Let
Do it" again and again.
Keep sweet-
Much Love,
Joan
(Master)

Junior College

Milk and crackers.

EXTRA WEEK-ENDS, optional afternoon study hall, smokes at Bancroft (not to mention cokes), all in all a rather gay existence—and don't think we Junior Collegians don't wallow in the luxury of comparative freedom. But don't get a warped idea of school life in the "upper ranks"—we are members of the laboring class. Yea, we have been seen on occasion with the proverbial nose pressed to that stone of ancient lineage. But we jus' keep rollin' along—

You could have knocked us over last fall when we saw the gorgeous crop of newcomers; we stumbled all over our dangling shoe laces in an effort to be The One to show them around. After the usual orgies of orientation, everybody suddenly knew everybody and school was no longer a labyrinth. Bancroft houses a choice group: Joan Lagarde with her black-haired, brown-eyed French beauty; Lillian Fitzgerald, who ripples our spines when she plays "Deep Purple"; the Loricks, Lee and Mary (we've learned to tell them apart—a cinch, really!); Nancy Brand, an "Army brat" and strong for Texas; and Caddie Flammer, who whirls down to Annapolis with unfailing regularity.

The S Street buildings sparkle this year with a galaxy of new personalities. From Memphis comes good-looking Helen Tully, and Birmingham sends us hockey-playing Jean Claire Oakes. Josephine Cabassa, a charming Puerto Rican, delights everybody with her soft accent and twinkling sense of humor. Olivia Chilton has become an institution with her bombshell personality. Mary Frances Hutchinson wears a fraternity pin over her heart and won't take it off! Sally Norris won our hearts long ago with her wide grin and easy-going nature, while Dottie Moore, who has serious footlight aspirations, thrilled us with her "Joan of Arc." Blue-eyed and dimpled Ethel Hix has endeared herself to everybody, and Catchy Gibbon keeps us in convulsions with her anecdotes and wild gesticulations. Talented and charming Cynthia Burress fascinates everybody with her fresh English beauty. Another newcomer—diminutive but with a gigantic personality—is Jean Taylor.

The day school is filled with an outstanding group this year. In fact we have only one complaint: that we don't see them all on week-ends. Beverly Bachman and Jeanette Kutschko are a stunning pair, as tall and poised as models. Eleanor Brooks, blue of eye and fertile of mind, was grabbed greedily

Dear Holt:
Que pena
me da el saber
que te no vas
a ver aquí el
que viene.
No voy a
Texas
a Quico
Te olvidaré
este amigo
que te aprecia
que te quiere.
Joan

by the Scroll, as was Mabbie DuHamel; and if you've ever seen any of Mary Clark (Clarkie) White's works of art, you've seen real talent. A pretty newcomer is Dorothy Campbell, who handles a full course with finesse. Mary Stohlman has proven herself a conscientious student, and Yvonne Hulsey balances school with week-end hi-jingoes. A veritable gazelle in modern dance, Helene Nye is a joy to Miss Happer. A rich European background coupled with a brilliant mind and you have Jeanette Streit. The vivid South American with definite ideas is Blanca Vargas, whose ebullient personality enchants us.

There you have us, our foibles and our frustrations. Junior College this year has been a memorable experience, and we look forward to next year with even more enthusiasm.

Fifth Form

"Snap, crackle, pop!" That's the Fifth Form. We're just full of personality, energy, and brains. In spite of divergent talents and interests we manage to be a really smooth-working team. And now shall we start with the introduction?

The "pop" is contributed by popular Sylvia McNeale, a real old-timer at Holton. President Sylvia, attired in her usual stunning manner, has led the class with a definitely executive air. Marie Vallance and Jewel Davis (they must be uttered in the same breath!) are absolutely indispensable to the school. Gigantic, colossal, stupendous, what adjectives are left to describe their many accomplishments? Daphne Fay has accomplished a great deal scholastically and athletically in spite of her elusiveness. Our "glamour girl" is Pat Baker, and we wonder how she manages to mix her typing and social life with such unhurried ease. You have undoubtedly seen Jackie Heine and Zelah Millard dashing off in that dazzling station wagon. Sweet Anne Kacy, the girl with a host of friends, keeps Annapolis hearts dangling, and as for Frances Booth, she has so many bids for dates she has to draw them from a hat. Speaking of men, why do they always get *Mildred* Brown when they mean *Lucy* Brown—and they mean her often. Patsy Jones is noted for that habit of always being late in the morning.

A grand crowd of new girls has given the class even more "snap." There is Ann Ginsburgh, probably the most confusing girl in the school because of that identical twin sister. Those two inseparable blondes, namely, Barbara Jones and Bonnie Morsell, are always laughing at something. Dinny O'Rear is known for those "wicked" eyes and that lovely voice. The Glee Club welcomed her with open arms. Alice O'Keefe, as a captain, has kept the form on the proverbial straight and narrow path (most of the time, anyway). We'll never forget Jean Gittins as the maid in the Dramatic Club plays. She had us all rolling in the aisles. Helen Belknap spends her week-ends at horse shows and her spare moments rough-housing. Margaret Mechlin and Jean Holloway have kept the whole study hall entertained by their clowning. Hill McMurray is a wizard at the piano and you should hear her pronounce French words with that southern accent! The Lone Star State very obligingly sent us Margery North, who literally lives, breathes, and talks nothing but Texas. The latest addition to the class is Camilla Rushton, who soon proved to be a real asset.

A "crackle" of school books usually means that one of our class "brains" is around.

Ellen Galvin is kept busy getting honor rank, going to Scroll meetings, working at her art, and taking all The Scribe snapshots. Blonde Marybeth Davidge deserves a medal for helping distressed Virgil students straighten out tangled verbs and adjectives all year. Barbara Beij has lent her abilities to The Scribe and the Scroll. By the way, we wonder who that sailor is whose picture occupies such a prominent position in her desk. The true love of Emma Thurber is Art with a capital "A." Anne DeKay definitely won her place among the elect by getting honor rank the very first month!

That is the Fifth Form in a nutshell—and though a nutshell is definitely not big enough to hold elaboration on all our talents and energy, we hope that we have given you a rough idea of how good we are!

Marie, Daphne, and Anne in a care-free mood.

Remember the Battle of Marathon?

Fourth Form

We are Holton's forty-first Fourth Form and such a class the school has never before seen.

We'll remember Barbara Greene, our president, for the never-failing dash into study hall at 9:02 A.M. and the ever-late English paper which "just isn't copied yet." But we notice that Barbara always gets things done in the end. Rebecca Hill won the title of captain this year, and she is the reason for our good behavior. Becky also lends her voice to the Glee Club. Jeanne Clark, known to study hall as "Baby" and "Whoa, Nellie," wonders why grammar has to be connected with English. The picture gallery inside her desk is the chief reason she can never find her schedule. Josephine Culbertson is always careful of her behavior in school so that she will have her Saturdays free for her Annapolis jaunts. After each exciting week-end she bursts into study hall with "Ohhh! It was wonderful!" while Etheldreda Kaspar's favorite Monday morning remark is "Guess what happened to me last night!" We all owe a vote of thanks to Dreda for her splendid piano recital which brought us almost half of our Community Chest money. Peggy Unzicker spends a large part of her lunch period practising basketball. Method: how many paper wads can you throw at the trash basket without getting one in? Despite her hard luck with paper, Peggy's balls invariably score for the White team. Perseverance personified is Kitty Claud, whose friendliness and school spirit make her a favorite of all.

Bland Glover, our only new day pupil, quickly became "one of the gang." The Fourth Form is so proud of its fine athlete, Elizabeth Steuart, that we can forgive her for doing her Virgil aloud in study hall.

Probably most of the noise in the S Street buildings comes from the Fourth Formers in 2119. Although Mildred Parrish is the house captain of '19, you can always tell when she's around, for Millie's vocal chords are powerful. We deem it a great honor to Holton-Arms that Camille Thompson could tear herself away from the Naval training base at Pensacola to come so far to school, and we take our hats off to Lisa Potter for her dogged determination to please Miss Dunbracco and Miss Shearman. Do you really like those Saturday morning vocabulary tests, Lisa? Mathilde "Veronica Lake" Charbonnet tried hard to lose her Oklahoma accent while at school, but came back from vacation with it as strong as ever. Mutt's favorite week-end retreat is Annapolis, where she is as popular as she is at school. We envy Margaret Smith for her ability to pack suitcases, cash checks, study algebra review, make up tests, and leave school by 3:15 on Fridays. Mary Magruder, noted for her tiny feet and her large wardrobe, has only one regret: her horses have trouble coming in first. By the end of the year Claire Dunham will be practically supporting the U.S. Government by her purchases of defense stamps, if she doesn't start remembering her English conference. Beverly Dillon and Tilly Betts love talking about West Point, while Emily Overesch, a recent arrival from Honolulu, staunchly supports the Navy.

Well, there you have the Fourth Form—its students and their secrets—whose motto is "You may not see us, but you sure can hear us."

Third Form

HELLO, ALL YOU SCRIBE readers! Let's go to press. This is your Third Form commentator bringing you the latest "gossip glimpses" from our corner of study hall.

Flash! Our class president, Alice Williamson, is turning the heel and coming down the home stretch on those red socks we've been betting on for two years now. Speaking of "home stretch(er)s"—pedestrians beware! Martha Ginsburgh is on the road. Don't worry, our Red Cross Corps is behind her. We guarantee to cure 'em or kill 'em! Two more passionate drivers-to-be are Penny Reid and Barbara Wahl, who can't wait to get to a junkshop for their rainbow-striped convertible.

Biggest revelation of the century! Nancy Martin, *the* Nancy Martin, secretly spends hours at the bakery trying to figure out how much fifteen rolls will cost at 16½ cents per dozen.

Keyhole snatches. We can all doodle, but our artistic work falls almost completely on the shoulders of Betty Ann (Rembrandt) Sherwood. That alto, Peggy Rogers, is from our corner, too. We turn out the tops! When Dixie Wilson leaves Latin behind for basketball she does herself proud. Kitty Burton, may you reach the goal of your highest ambitions and become Murphy's greatest pianist! Then there's our Sonja Henie, Margherita Patterson, who may not be the star of the geometry class, but we'd like to see Miss Dunbracco construct perpendicular bisectors on *ice!*

Now your reporter clears up some mysteries. Where do we go to "get away from it all" and get a fresh supply of rosy cheeks? Not chez Elizabeth Arden, but Rock Bottom Farm, our week-end resort, courtesy of Eugenie Showell. Who's that stunning blond? Why, it's Abby Willard, who may be here physically but whose heart and soul haven't yet returned from their trip to Exeter. Mary Bond feels the same way about Annapolis. Those mysterious noises aren't a fire, just Joanny Wharton, whose complete condensation of the English language into three words, "fooing," "thing," and "whosy," have completely "fooed" the faculty. She is usually accompanied by Rita Cleland, known for her dimples and swell disposition.

Tattling on the newcomers. From Connecticut came Priscilla Post with her ablative

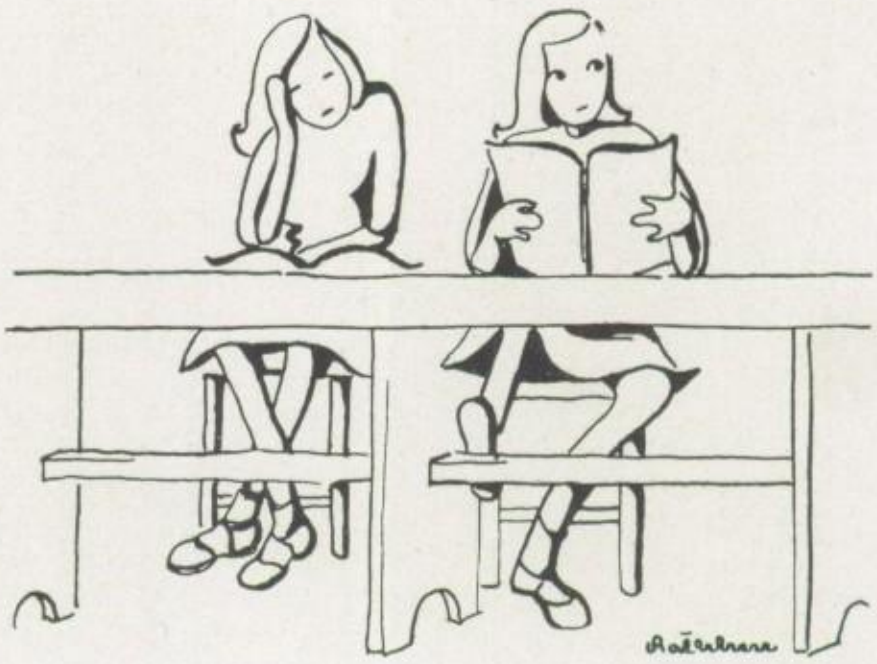
Scene: Third Form Corner.
Time: 1:30 any day.

absolutes tied in a bag. Parlez-vous français? Neither do we, but Colette Streit seems to be a veritable sesquipedalian fabricator of the language. The latest to enter our corner was Ruth Ann Harris, who already knows her way around like a veteran.

Explaining some gaps in our class picture. Jean O'Brien and Carolyn Logan were absent when it was taken, but that doesn't mean that our golden-haired Irish songstress and our "win-your-heart" Army brat don't play a big part in our life.

Biggest scoop of the year! We mean of course that story of our present of a defense bond to the teachers. We started the ball rolling, and it didn't stop until the whole school was buying bonds. We went 'way over our Community Chest quota, and still finished before the rest of the school had started. With our bond, Red Cross service, bandage-rolling society, and sweater knitting, how can the U.S. fail to win the war?

This is your reporter signing off with this assurance—whatever future project Holton-Arms may undertake, the whole Third Form will be right in there pitching!



Second Form

PEACE AND QUIET are completely banished at the lunch hour in Miss Ethel's room, for it is at this time that we, the Second Form, are turned loose to catch up on the latest events of the day. Over in a corner in the midst of all this turmoil you might find somebody actually studying. Looking over the shoulder of this phenomenon, you wonder how long "screwy" has been spelled with a "Q." Upon closer inspection you might find the explanation—Helen Parker Willard writing a composition. In another corner you would find a group discussing the latest Bob Hope show. Barbara Heine is having laughing-fits over a joke that Jerry Colonna put over last night, while Juan Williamson is calling "Brenda" with startling accuracy. One, two, three, kick! And we find Anna-Marie Zoller leading a vigorous conga line to the terror of innocent bystanders who are in constant danger of being completely swept away in the shuffle.

Although we are a fun-loving group we can also see the serious side of school life. Among us are high scholastic leaders. We can always count on Betty King, our competent president and French expert, to make honor rank. Jeannette Palmer purrs contentedly over a good mark, and très petite Marjorie Rhodes can show the older girls a thing or two in algebra class. Susie Greene is kept very busy taking care of and telling about her new baby sister, but she always has time to be interested in everyone else.

"Veni, vidi, vici."

The whole school is talking about amazing Ellen Tan, who has astounded all of us by her scholastic record and school spirit. Iowa sent us our lone boarder, Jackie Herring, and we say many thanks. Her room is a haven for Second Formers. Two newcomers are Rita Murray, the girl who's always smiling, and Mary Louise Snyder, who can hardly wait each week for the Tuesday and Thursday jaunts to the big gym. Mary Alice Stoddard takes apart insects and frogs in biology with a courage none of us can equal. Joan Briggs is our serious threat to Bette Davis. Remember her as the terrified pickaninny in the Dramatic Club plays? Jean Hudson, with her charming friendliness, is always pleasant to be around. She never utters a sentence which doesn't contain the beloved word "Florida." Everyone was envious of Cadzie Reed for the "A" she got in Latin the very first month. She combines efficient studying with active play. A bright red head flying upstairs in 2119 every morning about one minute to nine is attractive Cornelia Langer. She can settle any argument with a quiet but determined stamp of her foot. Better late than never is how we feel about the long-awaited Sarel Gillespie. Jean Allwine and Sally Patterson are our stalwart captains, and by means of those nasty little blue books and assorted frowns they manage to keep us in line most of the time. You can readily see from this account that the Second Form room is just one big nineteen-ring circus.

Lower School

My turn next?

MEET MISS FRANCES RONALDSON and her Lower School!

We of the Upper School probably know the Lower School best in the rôle of those little whirlwinds who march through Holton's halls ringing bells and bearing signs which are to lure us to that famed rummage sale held annually for the benefit of the Community Chest. Once they get us inside the library, where literally everything from soup to nuts is arranged on the tables, they hold us entranced until they send us out with rings on our fingers and bells on our toes, but not one cent in our pockets. Even the ones of us with the strongest will power cannot resist the professional sales talk. We can easily foresee Miss Fran is going to turn out a class well qualified to be Fuller brush women.

The First Form's many new girls have helped to make the class one of the most enthusiastic and enterprising Miss Fran has ever had. The girls have been vitally interested in everything, but they especially enjoy going on civics trips and collecting pictures of current events which they plan to keep "'til they are grown up."

The sixth graders, who have come early every day to work and have stayed until late in the afternoon to play, have certainly proved their school spirit. A major interest in ice-skating was revealed when, after Christmas, every girl blossomed forth in a gay and colorful skating costume.

The residential section of Kenwood has been well represented in the fifth grade. Although these small girls have been a little bewildered at moving from the Primary to the new and complicated scenery of our building, they have entered spiritedly and confidently into the responsible task of being fifth graders, and we feel sure that they will "carry on" next year.

Among the more outstanding students scholastically in the First Form are Elizabeth Henry, Priscilla Marbury, and Amie Willard, Florence Keys' daughter. No less outstanding in other fields are Anne Barber, Averill Borden, Alice Cleland, Pam Daly, Lester Dessez, Alice Diggs, sister of Helen Diggs, Patty Emery, Phyllis Evans, daughter of Elizabeth Potter, Betty Halley, Joan Huse, Peedy Marthinson, Anne Mearns, Maria

Sheerin, Sue Shulman, Sue Shuman, Joan Sleeper, Mary Wilcox, Lee Willoughby, and Delight Wood, Delight Arnold's daughter.

In the sixth grade are Virginia Beck, Pearce Butler, Maureen Canning, Beverley Courts, Jane Eichenlaub, Doris Finney, Marjorie Ann Horning, Jacqueline Lee, Joanne O'Malley, Olga Pilson's daughter, who has attended school in Holland and in Germany, Muffin MacArthur, a grandniece of the General, Virginia Patterson, Cary Sibert, Jacqueline Sleeper, and Harriet Summerlin.

The fifth grade boasts two English girls, Jillian Burgess and Jennifer Franklin. Their classmates are Caro Butler, Carolyn Anderson, Kit Graf, Gail McKenzie, Betty Jane Somerville, and Louisa Steck.

Primary School

We of the Upper School envy not only the early lunch hour of the girls and boys of the Primary, but also their rosy cheeks and carefree smiles. Make a visit to Bancroft at recess and you will see these young 'uns wending their diverse ways through the jungle gym or following the leader in miraculous acrobatic feats. The playground presents a truly gay and merry picture!

However, even the members of the Primary must work as well as play, and a visitor may find curly heads bent over arithmetic or spelling books. They are already on the road to becoming the good spellers which Mrs. Holton hopes to turn out in the later years. In charge of the important duties of training the mind as well as the body is Mrs. Macfarlane, the Primary Department's active and popular director. Her assistants are Miss Myers, who has charge of the fourth grade; Mrs. Morrison, ruler of the first grade; Miss Rogers, the kindergarten teacher; and Miss Lemoine, who teaches French. Miss Fran conducts the fourth grade social studies, Miss Feiker physical education, and Mrs. Banes art. Frances Cox (remember her from last year?) is Miss Rogers' right-hand man in the kindergarten, while Elivira Cheatham, a Holtonite, helps take care of the playground situation. So you see what a well-rounded program has been arranged for the Primary children.

In addition to frolicking on the playground and learning their A.B.C.'s, every boy and

girl at Bancroft uses his ingenuity in handwork classes. Here everything from bookcases to scrap baskets is sawed and hammered into shape.

If you think these girls and boys are unaware of the world in which they live, go to see some of their group undertakings. We know you'll change your mind! Each grade has its own special project—anything from collecting pictures about transportation to making dolls in foreign costumes. In addition there are Brownie meetings with Miss Rogers, a Christmas pageant for the parents, a doll show for the Community Chest, as well as the spring program arranged each year. The Primary certainly shows promise of becoming an Upper School of which Holton can well be proud.

The fourth graders are M'Lee Catledge, Margot Eddy, Virginia Ford, Jean King, Carola Day Clarkson, an English friend, Anne Mary Showell, Charlotte Smith, Sally Thom, Sally Zantzinger, Phyllis Hiser, and two daughters of Holton alumnae, Sally Streett, and Olga Sturtevant.

In the third grade are Jane Logan Bentley, Katzy Henderson, Eugénie Hess, Mary Martin, Betsy Miller (another granddaughter), Jacquy Sommerville, Louise Cochran, Anne Bisland-Frederick, and Betty Anne Driver.

The second graders boast several English girls—Jane Clarkson, Tessa Franklin, and Sally Brown, who is also a granddaughter. With them are Anne Coe, Nancy Fleming, Mary Bridget Irwin, Dorothy Patterson, Stuart Hill Smith, Mitzi Somerville, Garnett Williams, Ellen Cochran, and three other alumnae daughters—Sherry Biays, Catherine Goodrich, and Mimi Mackall.

In the first grade are Dorothea Bradley, Katherine Coe, Betty Davidson, Flaminia Della Chiesa, Barbara Denton, Kathleen Galvin, Florence Hiser, Mary Patterson Howell, and Barbara Hunter, both alumnae daughters, Pippa Simpson, Elizabeth Stirling, Dorothy Vivian-Clark, Rosalind Williams (England), and Maria Ceci Pittaluga (Ecuador).

Not to be overlooked are the small but mighty members of the kindergarten. They are: Ellen Douglas Catledge, Guy Conrad, Teresa Crossley (English), Laine Dowling, Marcelle Eyler, Anne Henderson, Roberta Henry, Iver Iverson, Edward Marsh, Jr., Mary Hanna Parker, Alice Pittaluga (Ecuador), Norman Prince, Jr., Marie Shippen Snyder, Patricia Sullivan, Armando Valle (Brazil), and Anne Lord.

What goes up must come down.

Freedom of the Press

One of the most important freedoms guaranteed to us in the Bill of Rights is Freedom of the Press. This is the right to publish without restraint any newspaper, book, play, or operetta, which will be enjoyed by the American people. It is this freedom that is responsible for the very existence of The Scribe.

As you turn the next few pages you will read about the different clubs and organizations which give our life at Holton so much meaning. You will learn that The Scribe is not just thrown together in an off-moment; you will discover what goes on in a Scroll meeting, if you are not brilliant enough to be one of its exalted members. You will be told of the wailing and gnashing of teeth that precedes every Dramatic Club and Glee Club performance. The mysteries of the terrifying Student Government will be explained to you in detail.

The Scribe staff goes into conference.

"Of the People, By the People, For the People"

SCRIBE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Marianne Williamson

Literary Editor . . . . . Joan Ferguson

Literary Staff . . Elizabeth Marlowe, Katharine Colvin, Louise O'Reilly, Caroline Embry, Aileen Morrow, Barbara Beij.

Art Editor . . . . . Helen Smith

Art Staff . . . Emma Thurber, Ellen Galvin, Jean Hurd, Mary Clarke White, Bonnie Morsell, Phyllis Rathbun.

Snapshots Editor . . . . . Ellen Galvin

Business Manager . . . . . Barbara Menninger

Subscription Manager . . . . . Mary Johnston

Senior Photographs . . . . . Chippy Hall

Advertising Manager . . . . . Alice Bagby

Advertising Assistants . . . Marie Vallance, Jewel Davis

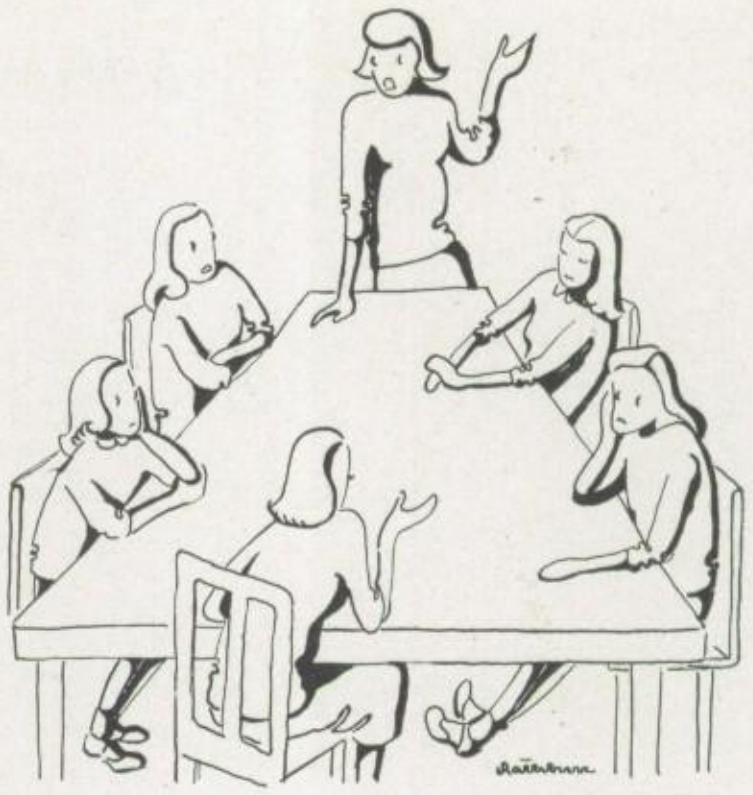
Faculty Advisors, Miss McClellan, Miss DeLane, Mrs. Banes

Special thanks to Barbara Greene, Jeanne Clark, Alice Williamson, Nancy Martin, Carolyn Logan, Margherita Patterson, Joan Briggs, for their contributions, and many thanks to Miss Lurton and Miss Fox for all their help and advice.

Comes the Revolution! Read all about it! The Scribe staff goes under new management! Yes, the 1942 Scribe staff is full of new blood. At first we were all a little baffled by the strange task which was stretched out before us, but it didn't take us long to get organized. As time went on, the work got more and more exciting, and we felt a definite thrill as our pile of manuscript rose higher and higher. But we should like you to overcome the idea that there is no more to publishing The Scribe than saying "Hokus Pokus" in an eerie voice and waving the proverbial wishing wand. No, there are a thousand and one little parts that must be looked into and put together to make the covered whole.

Toward the beginning of the year we went into deep conference with the printer and engraver to find the perfect theme for our book. As usual Mr. Ellis had many helpful sug-

gestions and Mr. Leber proved to be full of ideas. After long contemplation and discussion we decided that the timely theme would be "Democracy." Colossal ideas were hurled about freely, but alas, we had not yet begun to think about the financial end of the problem. Our business manager soon informed us that we must face realities. The subscription manager passed out her blanks and pursued all pupils who were in need of persuasion; plans for the Jamboree were enthusiastically set; the advertising staff made posters and then set to work on the drawings and sketches you see scattered throughout the book. Meanwhile the senior photographs editor saw us safely through the ordeal of having our pictures taken. Our snapshot editor hid behind the bushes and leaned out of third story windows to catch faculty and students in most fantastic attitudes. In the meantime the literary staff was wiping its brow and growing gray hairs trying to preserve the personalities of our gay '42'ers in an eighty-four-word limit, and crowding a whole year of school activity onto one hundred pages.



Miss McClellan was always on the job to tactfully advise, calm, and cool the literary and business staffs, while Mrs. Banes and Miss DeLane inspired our artists and kept their department running smoothly. We couldn't have managed without Miss Lurton, SCRIBE veteran, to steer us gently onto the right path after each mistake.

Although this year's SCRIBE has meant fewer free afternoons for us and a seven o'clock alarm on Saturday morning, we have loved every minute of it. We're all hoping you will be as pleased as we are with the finished product.

Three cheers for us!

Our staff artists and business women.

The authors of this book.

"The Ferment of Ideas"

Every other Tuesday afternoon of the school year Holton's oldest organization, Holton's sole honorary society, the Scroll, holds its meetings. The ranks of the one and only Scroll are made up of girls qualified by their talents in literature and art, either or both.

The type of programs given will prove to skeptical readers that we aren't a collection of stuffy scholars who drift around behind horn-rimmed glasses, lost in a maze of education. One afternoon brought forth both the ultra-classical and the ultra-modern in music —that is, Tschaikowsky's Concerto in B-flat minor, and for contrast, Freddy Martin's popular version. It was agreed afterward that Tschaikowsky didn't really need anything done to improve upon his work, but others brought out the point that such a fine piece of work could never lose all its beauty by modern swing technique. The art interest was stimulated when Marianne Williamson, somewhat of a layman in the world of art but a figure of note in the literature of Holton's classes, and Liz Marlowe, distinctly artistic in all directions, successfully joined forces and gave a memorable talk. Marianne illuminated our somewhat hazy conceptions of the progress of art in Australia, and Liz gave a vivid description of some Australian paintings from a current exhibition in the new National Gallery. In the discussion which followed, Miss DeLane helped out by explaining some of the more difficult types of drawing. The flood of talk brought forth by her definitions of Impressionism proved that the girls comprising the Scroll are intellectually wide-awake. Another delightful experience

The Scroll poses for a picture.

The president and secretary—Alice and Louise.

was to hear Barbara Menninger read parts of "Junior Miss," a play centering about a captivating teen-age youngster who stormed the hearts of audiences in Washington and then went on to New York for still more success.

Our faculty representatives are our greatest assets. Miss Fox provides those ideas without which our meetings could not be the joy that they are. We are thankful that Miss Lurton's interest and helpfulness never desert us, and that Miss DeLane is still patient with those members who know little about the deeper mysteries of the arts which should claim the attention of us all.

After the program of the meeting these wielders of the brush and devotees of literature give way to companionable chattering on subjects brought to mind by the preceding reports. Fortified by plates of sandwiches (ham spreads and cheese concoctions) and over cups of tea, they frequently probe far beyond the scope of the classroom. Freedom of thought and speech are indulged to the utmost.

Everybody admires Alice Bagby, our president, who does her work so quietly and efficiently and is everybody's friend besides. Louise O'Reilly is the kind of secretary who can make those inevitable minutes of the last meeting something to crow about. We all envy her originality and her humor which she combines so effectively. The old-timers, Alice Bagby, Barbara Beij, Katharine Colvin, Caroline Embry, Joan Ferguson, Elizabeth Marlowe, Barbara Menninger, Louise O'Reilly, Lenora Rose, Claire Snow, and Marianne Williamson, have now been joined by the new members—Eleanor Brooks, Marybeth Davidge, Ann de Kay, Nancy Dunkle, Ellen Galvin, Catherine Gibbon, Chippy Hall, Pauline King, Sylvia Lewis, Betsy Noe, Sally Norris, Ann Hamilton Roberts, Helen Smith, Jeannette Streit, Emma Thurber, and Mabbie DuHamel—who have poured in to fill the gaps left by the graduates of 1941.

And now a secret! There is something which makes even this select group of intellectuals stop their spirited conversation and sit up and take notice. The organization just wouldn't be the same without—cinnamon sticks!

Below: The girls look especially happy when they have cokes and sandwiches in hand.
P.S.—Note the cinnamon sticks!

Above: Miss Lurton, Miss Fox, and Miss DeLane chat over a cup of tea.

"To Establish Justice"

Miss McClellan, Elizabeth Marlowe, and the day school captains.

The right of freedom of speech is exercised in many branches of our school life at Holton. This privilege is ours in classes, clubs, athletics, and jam sessions, but in study hall, where we all enjoy practicing it, Student Government says a definite "no." Freedom of the press is given us in publishing The Scribe and the Scroll magazine, in writing our themes and autobiographies, but woe unto the girl who exercises that privilege by scribbling a note instead of her lessons; the scowls we see on the captains' faces when we pass a note warn us never to commit that offense again. The right of assembly is ours when we hold class meetings, but congregating outside study hall or gathering in your best friend's room to discuss the latest date may result in a trip back to school Saturday morning. Sometimes we think there are unreasonable searches as far as our desks and bureau drawers are concerned, but we admit that we are thus made to learn habits of cleanliness and order.

The day school is really run by the girls of each form, who have elected their captains as well as the Upper School director, Liz Marlowe. The captains, who meet every Wednesday morning to count the marks and to discuss the problems which have come up during the week, make us behave unless we want to pay the penalty of returning Saturday morning to work an hour in our hardest subject. These orgies take place in Miss Ethel's room from nine to twelve. It is a familiar sight to see the cheerful face of Miss McClellan as she supervises her brood of miscreants. Our faces are sorrow-lined as we struggle with the binomial theorem while gay, laughing boarders, who have escaped the clutches of the law, go tripping off to a week-end at Annapolis or Virginia.

The boarding school, too, is watched over by captains, one in each house. These are elected by the girls, as are the heads of the boarding school Student Government. The director of the S Street houses, Chippy Hall,

and the director of Bancroft, Holtie Whittle, have done good jobs this year and are among the most popular of Holton's "officials." We should certainly miss the efforts of all these girls to keep us boarders reasonably quiet, to see that our lights are turned out at the 10:10 curfew and, last of all, to say goodnight and tuck us in bed.

The policies and punishments of Student Government are decided upon when the student directors of the day school and of the boarding school meet each Thursday afternoon with three faculty advisors (Miss Brown, Miss Johnson, Miss McClellan) to discuss everything from sockless legs on F Street, untidy desks, and talking problems, to latenesses and smoking-room troubles. The wise referee of this Cooperative Board is Mrs. Holton.

Our Student Government is an admirable organization, which serves to develop our characters and train us to shoulder responsibilities. These qualities, along with the education we receive at Holton-Arms, make us well prepared to follow the democratic way of living.

Signing out.

Miss Johnson meets with the house captains.

"... And Bright Stars"

"What will our next play be?" asks Mrs. Rice.

THIS YEAR the few girls left in the Dramatic Club elected Mary Holt Whittle president and Katharine Colvin secretary. After the tryouts we again had quantity as well as quality.

On the nights of the fifth and sixth of December the theater was crowded with an audience anxious to see the three one-act plays produced by the club under the expert direction of Mrs. Rice. They were not disappointed—if we do say so ourselves! "Shining Armour," a scene from the life of Joan of Arc, had as its star Dottie Moore—straight from the Barter Theater. Penny Reid, as the romantic Dauphin, made us forget that she is a mere female. Little Roberta Veverka, Joan's chaplain and advisor, was almost lost under that monk's robe and hood. The play had everything—costumes, acting, music. The latter was rendered by Jean Hurd as a page. Others in the cast were Jackie Herring, Miriam Tittmann, Joan Briggs, and Sally Norris.

Every time we see Katharine Colvin she seems to grow older. Last year she was Julia Mill's mother, and this year she was seventy-year-old Gran, the dominant leading lady in "Ringing in the Groom." She had her hands full; Bertha, the maid (Jean Gittins), was always betting her money on the races; Wilbur, her grandson (Mary Johnston), quit college to join a band; Aunt Ella, Gran's daughter (Martha Clark), was out to make all Hollywood mission-conscious; and Harriet, her daughter (Julia Ann Sparkman), strove to get her picture in the papers! Others didn't give quite as much trouble. Sylvia Lewis played Mildred, money-borrowing sister of Wilbur and George. George, the backbone and financial prop of the family, was portrayed by Marie Vallance, who rushed in one week before the plays to learn the part and gave an excellent performance. Jackie Herring was Ruth, George's sweet and patient "lady-in-waiting."

Screams, ghosts, noises, and mysterious happenings were the keynote of "The Ghostly Passenger." Holtie Whittle was so natural as the worried mother that it hardly occurred to us that she was acting. We certainly were surprised to hear Sally Norris's deep voice as she changed from her part in the first play to Holtie's husband in the third. Others who made that quick change were Joan Briggs, the frightened colored maid who

Spike, alias Marjorie Hill, tells how he caught the kidnapper.

almost stole the show, and Miriam Tittmann as Mrs. Stillman, who did all of her thinking and her husband's, too. Ann Luetzen, as Clarice (cry-baby) Jackson, and Jeanne Clark, as Edgar Roof, were suspected of being a pair of confidence workers, and turned out to be F.B.I. agents. The hero of it all was Marjorie Hill, as Spike Owens, rescuer of the kidnapped child, capturer of the kidnappers, and winner of his girl, Juan Williamson.

In the next set of plays and in the senior plays we expect to see Lucy Brown, Olivia Chilton, Ellen Galvin, Jewel Davis, Daphne Fay, Mary Alice Stoddard, and Ann Ginsburgh, the latest additions to our circle of dramatic-fanatics.

Penny Reid and Dottie Moore take us back to the days of Joan of Arc, while Jeanne Clark dons a mustache and joins the F.B.I. Jackie and Marie are the romantic team in "Ringing in the Groom."

"Let Music Swell the Breeze"

If at the beginning of the school year someone should approach you with the request, "Please hum the first line of 'Yankee Doodle' to me; I've forgotten how it goes!" you may suspect that there is a movement going on to find more heavenly voices to fill in the gaps of the Glee Club's ranks left by last year's graduating class. Prospects are herded to the little theater, old faithful "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" and ever-popular "Home on the Range" are dragged out, and the old-timers judge the quavering voices of potential members. "Heavens, I never knew *she* could sing," is a common exclamation heard at this time. Soon the selectees are informed that they have been accepted, and muttering, "Gee, they must be getting desperate," they come to the next meeting.

This year the altos have swelled to mammoth proportions, stoically holding their own with the sopranos. Barbara Greene, Kitty Burton, Katharine Colvin, Ellen Galvin, Jeanne Nelson, Peggy Rogers, and Mary Stohlman are responsible for those amazingly low-pitched tones, while Jean and Martha Clark, Kitty Claud, Josephine Culbertson, Jewel Davis, Nancy Martin, Virginia Stickle, Alice and Marianne Williamson, Marie Vallance, and Joanne Wharton vainly try to overpower them. The virtuoso of the Steinway who patiently repeats the difficult passages is obliging Miss Johnson, while Miss Feiker wields the baton over all and feels every bar of music so strongly herself that we can't help feeling it too.

The Glee Club first came into prominence this year when it gathered in study hall to fill us with the correct spirit of Thanksgiving Day. When Christmas time rolled 'round, the carol books were taken from the shelf,

Heavenly voices, celestial music—the Glee Club.

Brattain, Hurd, O'Rear—voices extraordinaires.

and all the old favorites were rehearsed. This year's program in the library was enriched by three new voices. Maryalice Brattain, Dinny O'Rear, and Peggy Rogers all sang solos, while the rest of the club hummed in the background, and the faculty and boarders joined in the chorus. As we were already familiar with the harmonious O'Reillys and the clear soprano of President Jean Hurd, we were not surprised, but were certainly enchanted, when they rendered their contributions. After supper we adjourned to the little theater, where the servants had gathered to give us a never-to-be-forgotten song-fest. As the last strains of "Silent Night" died away we all felt filled to the brim with the Christmas spirit.

As we go to press, work on this year's operetta, "H.R.H. Miss Jones," is just getting under way. Judging from the other programs offered by the Glee Club this year, we know that we shall not be disappointed in this last treat.

Miss Johnson and Miss Feiker help the club choose the spring operetta.

Freedom of Assembly

"Freedom of Assembly!" What does it mean, and how does it affect our everyday life at Holton-Arms? Each time we congregate on the stairway, or in the lounge, we are making use of it. When we gather on the hockey field or in the gym to practice dodges and pivots, when we meet with other schools to thrill spectators with those exciting hockey and basketball games, when we flock to see those "greatest shows on earth" presented by Miss Happer's modern dancing class, when we skate together, bowl together, or ride together, Holton-Arms is assembling freely.

A glance or two onward will yield you the explanation for all those bruises and black eyes sported by our sturdy athletes, and for the grace and precision displayed by our skaters and modern dancers. Read on to learn of the aims and aspirations of The Holton Athletic Association, which is the cause of it all.

The H.A.A.'s board of directors.

"To Promote the General Welfare"

This year democracy has come to the front in the Holton-Arms Athletic Association. Instead of being the select group of star athletes that it used to be, it is composed of all the pupils at school. Why has it changed? Because, with the trend in physical education away from emphasis on the few outstanding persons in a group and placed on recreation and participation of the masses, this small set was inadequate.

Naturally someone has to carry on the business of such a huge organization. A board elected by the pupils does this very thing. On this is a representative from each sport and activity offered by the physical education department. Efficient Barbara Menninger was elected president of the H.A.A., and she naturally is head of the board. She is assisted by the leader of the Whites, Helen Smith; the leader of the Blues, Betty Woolf; the captains of the hockey and basketball teams, and representatives of modern dancing, ice-skating, riding, bowling, and tennis.

This board is kept busy at the posture contest, the athletic teas at the close of each season, the Jamboree, and at the Blue and White demonstration week-end, when the gallery of the Church Street gym is packed with breathless parents and students come to watch the final team basketball game and the graceful gyrations of the dancers. The Athletic Association offers a large number of different sports in the hope that each girl may be given a chance to participate in activities in which she is vitally interested. The Association in its new form is still a baby, but already it is beginning to hold the outstanding position in the school program that it deserves. Through it the girls will learn to share responsibilities, to cooperate, and to keep up that team spirit which will make them win games for the school and merit for themselves in this democratic nation.

Hockey

HOCKEY TEAMS

1941

Blue Team		White Team
O'Keefe, Alice	L.W.	Holloway, Jean
Brattain, Maryalice	L.I.	Baker, Patricia
Davis, Jewel	C.F.	Taylor, Jean
Mecklin, Margaret	R.I.	Booth, Frances
Johnston, Mary	R.W.	Campbell, Dorothy
Greene, Barbara	L.H.B.	Smith, Helen
Steuart, Elizabeth	C.H.B.	Unzicker, Peggy (*Capt.*)
Fay, Daphne	R.H.B.	Culbertson, Josephine
Vallance, Marie (*Capt.*)	L.F.B.	Lewis, Sylvia
Colvin, Katharine	R.F.B.	Jones, Barbara
Menninger, Barbara	G.	King, Pauline

Subs.

Burress, Cynthia	Cleland, Rita
Fitzgerald, Lillian	Martin, Nancy
O'Reilly, Margaret	Wharton, Joanne
Galvin, Ellen	Williamson, Alice
Vargas, Blanca	Oakes, Jean Claire

"Get in and fight," urges Miss Feiker, while the spectators eagerly await the opening whistle and Barbara stands ready to guard the goal.

Three-fifteen in the fall heralds a strange scrambling in the cloakroom. Everyone is yelling, "Who has my hockey stick?" or "Where are my gloves?" Having finally pulled ourselves together, we rush out to the bus which takes us to the Ellipse. Here in the shadow of the White House we learn dribbles, drives, dodges, and tackles under the watchful eyes of Miss Feiker amd Miss Bonner.

At last comes the day when the team lists are posted. It's a thrill to see your name among the elect, but it has its disadvantages. On Saturday mornings the chosen few must drag themselves out of bed and into the cold wind to practice for the games. This year we had games scheduled with only two schools. Both the Blues, captained by Marie Vallance, and the Whites, led by Peggy Unzicker, played good hockey against Cathedral and St. Agnes. Yet Fate was unkind; we were defeated.

On the eventful day of the traditional Blue and White game everyone flocked to the Ellipse to see Jewel Davis score the winning goal in an exciting game that ended 1–0 for the Blues. Major letters went to the All-Holton Team: Maryalice Brattain, Jewel Davis, Jean Taylor, Marianne Williamson,

The game's begun.

Mary Johnston, Daphne Fay, Elizabeth Steuart, Peggy Unzicker, Marie Vallance, Katharine Colvin, and Barbara Menninger. As everyone expected, the blazer was awarded to fleet-footed Mary Johnston.

To wind up in style we made a grand showing on the All-Private School Team with Mary Johnston and Jean Taylor on the first team and Jewel Davis on the second. Then when sunny fall was over and winter winds began to blow, we turned our attention to . . .

Basketball

'Though our winter activity is an indoor sport, we get our quota (and then some) of fresh air merely by walking to and from the gym. This year jumping rope was added to all the other exercises which pave the road to a good basketball team, and if anyone dares to doubt the strenuousness of this activity, just come to us! On the first day, husky athletes though we are, we all fell to the floor exhausted.

After this workout we separate into two groups, the guards going to one end of the gym to engage in intercepting passes and jumping up to catch the ball off the backboard, while the forwards at the other end shoot baskets and construct baffling plays. Then we get together and put into practice all that we have learned. The guards, as soon as they have caught onto the forwards' signals, give them a run for their baskets. Then the forwards change their signals, and the guards proceed to figure them out all over again. Don't talk to us about vicious circles! Signals can be really funny, as we discovered in the Alumnae Reunion game. Jewel Davis, a Holton forward, sent Miss Lurton, an Alumnae guard, into hysterics when she

The camera catches the winning basket.

BASKETBALL SQUAD
1942
WHITES

Jean Taylor, *Captain*
Pat Baker
Lucy Brown
Dorothy Campbell
Ann DeKay
Margaret Hambley
Jean Holloway
Peggy Unzicker
Marianne Williamson
Betty Kessel

yelled "King Lear" to signal a trick play. Miss Lurton found out that she can't escape Shakespeare even while playing basketball.

This year Jewel was elected captain of the Blue team and Jean Taylor captain of the White. As they were strutting in their glory, Miss Feiker informed them that along with their titles went the dubious honor of closing the windows, picking up the "pinnies," and putting away the balls after each practice. This season our games are scheduled to be played with Gunston Hall, Mt. Vernon, and Georgetown Visitation Convent.

A highlight of our season came on Friday, the thirteenth of February, when the faculty met the girls in a fight-to-the-finish game. As our teachers marched in, equipped with first-aid kits and artificial respirators, we chuckled to ourselves and turned pitying smiles upon them. But "Pride goeth before a fall"—that old adage was impressed upon our minds by a score we dare not mention!

Yes, it's a great game—this basketball!

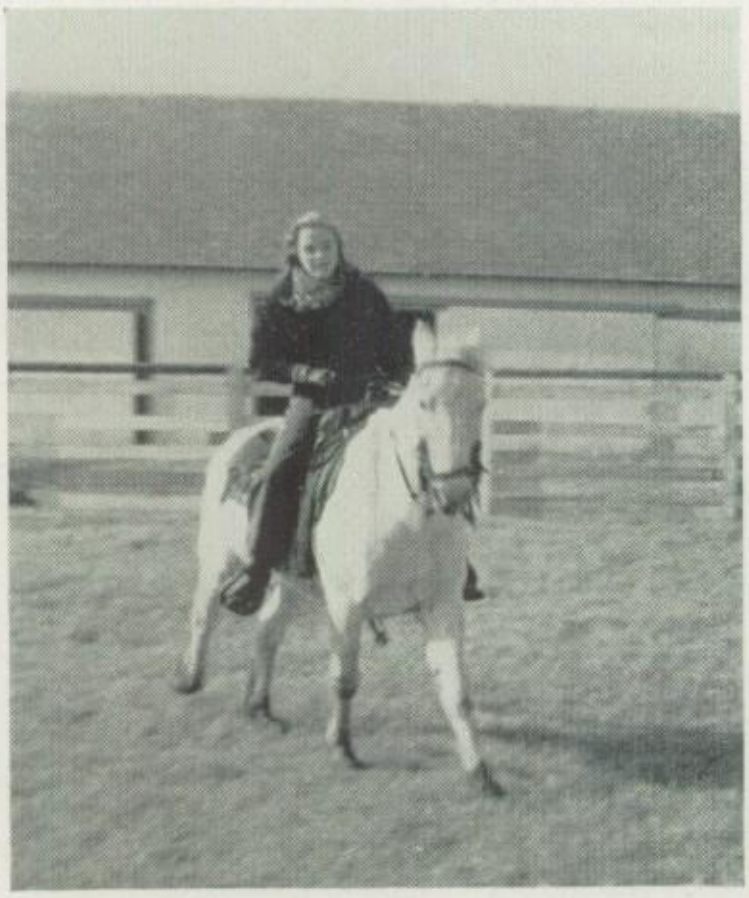
BASKETBALL SQUAD
1942
BLUES

Jewel Davis, *Captain*
Maryalice Brattain
Katharine Colvin
Daphne Fay
Barbara Greene
Mary Johnston
Margaret Mechlin
Alice O'Keefe
Elizabeth Steuart
Marie Vallance

Second Line of Defense

Ellen practices her serve.

"A-riding on a pony" at Mr. Clark's stables.



Looks like a strike, Jean!

An afternoon of skating complete with ice, rosy cheeks, and three point landings.

My inspiration !! You
life & the dance class! And anyway. I don't think a mother and
daughter should be separated very long — especially when they
are so congenial. A+ for you in cuteness!! Mama

MODERN DANCE CLASSES are available to all ages, but the real fun is in the advanced groups, where Miss Happer instructs star-eyed damsels who strive to attain inexplicable grace. Several drooping daisies lean against the walls and are told that they must have feeling to their fingertips. Others are firmly informed that before becoming Martha Grahams they must develop those undreamed-of muscles. Some who entered the class in hope of a rest hour find that they must bend their backs and stretch disastrously to the melancholy throb of a tom-tom.

After the fall workout a surprising number courageously face another term. With a feverish glint in their eyes these trusties strain for the March recital. Spring comes and Miss Happer lets her pupils pick up their pieces. The funny thing is they love the stuff.

Miss Happer shows us how.

"Mind the Music and the Step"

Instead of dieting try this.

What are we to believe?
Owen Meredeth says,
"We may live without poetry, music, and art
We may live without consicence and live without heart.
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

CHORDS CHARCOAL CASSEROLES

And Spencer says, "Music *must take rank as the highest of the fine arts—as the one which more than any other ministers to human welfare."*

Yet Aguecheek says, "Art *is the surest and safest civilizer."*

"Keep the Home Fires Burning"

Holton-Arms believes in aiding the defense effort. Some girls knit sweaters, socks, or scarfs, while others roll bandages for the Red Cross.

Above Mrs. Woods demonstrates the art of making a handy paper receptacle to her Home Nursing class.

"Punks," Elvira, Catchy, and Cynthia relax in their room.

Getting ready for luncheon.

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness"

Now we present another side of Holton's character. Thus far you have seen our brains at work during classes and study periods, our talents have amazed you in the Scroll and the Dramatic Club, and we have displayed our prowess in hockey and basketball. But what about our leisure hours, our week-ends, and those odd moments between classes? We shall enlighten you.

One week-end toward the beginning of February we spent at Sky Top, where we skated and skiied to our heart's content. There was the Blue and White Draw, the Blue and White week-end, the Alumnae week-end, and, last but not least, that unforgettable fun-fest, The Scribe Jamboree. But these are only the scheduled entertainments. In our odd moments we talked together, connived together, and played tricks on our teachers. Yes, Holton-Arms knows how to have a good time. The motto of our leisure hours might well be "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness!"

Emma Thurber

Enjoyment of . . .

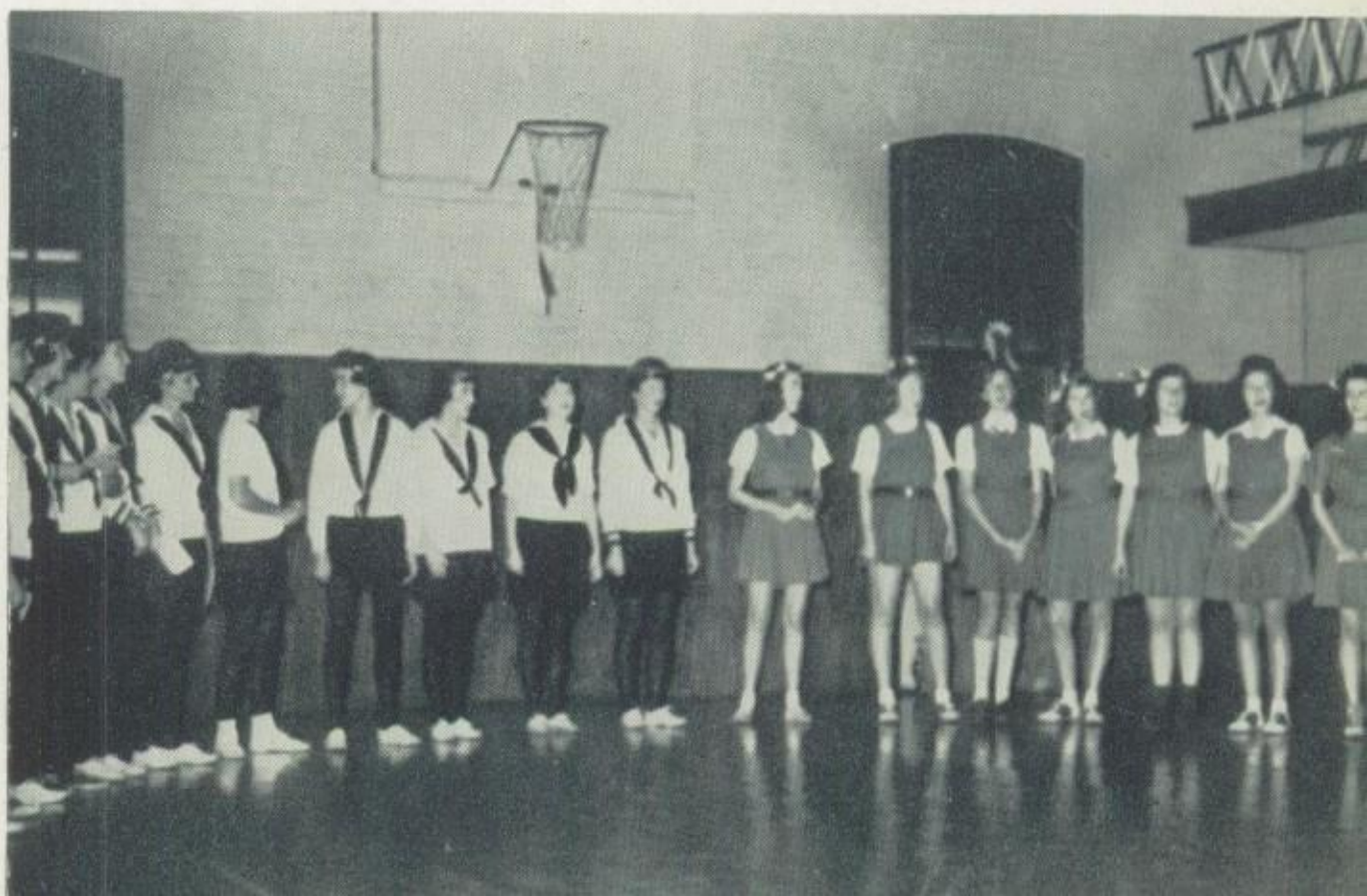
Skytop week-end: Where's the snow?

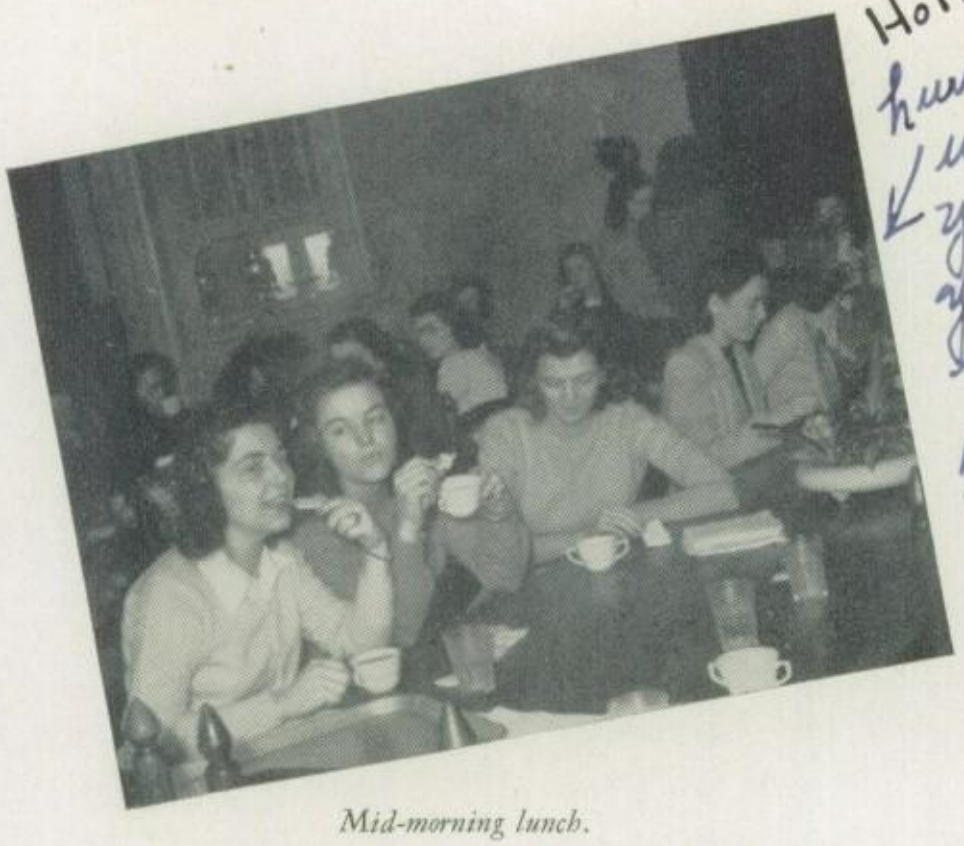
Jamboree week-end: Food? Let's go!

Athletic week-ends: We all had fun.

Alumnae week-end: You'll soon be one.

Life and Liberty





Mid-morning lunch.

"We, the People"

"Smitty" collects.

The Lower School sale is a great success.

Some of our stylish seniors smile for the camera.

"Si, Si, Señor."

The Third Form has a Hallowe'en party.

Early birds—in all kinds of weather.

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Familiar faces.

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Betts, Tilly.....*3107 Garfield Street, Washington, D.C.*
Bond, Mary.....*George Washington Inn, Washington, D.C.*
Booth, Frances..*Radford Ordnance Works, Radford, Virginia*
Brand, Nancy.....*121 Geneseo Road, San Antonio, Texas*
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Briggs, Joan.....*1677 Thirty-first Street, Washington, D.C.*
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Burress, Cynthia.....*Fort Benning, Georgia*
Burton, Katherine.....*Upper Marlboro, Maryland*

Cabassa, Josephine.....*Ponce, Puerto Rico*
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Cheatham, Elvira.....*"Belwood," Oxford Road*
Henderson, North Carolina
Chilton, Olivia....*3622 Saratoga Drive, Nashville, Tennessee*
Clark, Jeanne.....*5908 Sixteenth Street, Washington, D.C.*
Clark, Martha.....*5908 Sixteenth Street, Washington, D.C.*
Claud, Katharine....*3844 Legation Street, Washington, D.C.*
Cleland, Rita.....*3740 Military Road, Washington, D.C.*
Colvin, Katharine.....*3616 Veazey Street, Washington, D.C.*
Cooke, Olga.....*3743 Upton Street, Washington, D.C.*
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Davidson, Daisy.....*208 North Fairfax Street*
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Ginsburgh, Martha.....*13 East Underwood Street*
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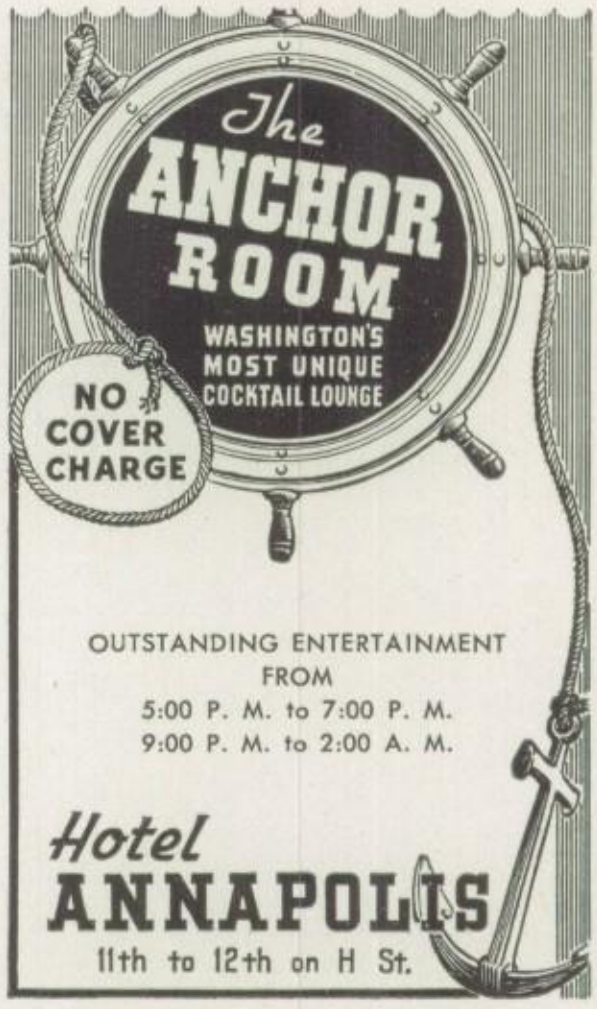

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Pally. Hate to miss the
pipes - every minute of it this
year! I do hate to say goodbye
or rather should we say
"until I see you!" Remember
Texas

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and I'm expecting you.

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Love you
Pipes

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Liz try to get to see you!

Dear "Mister Hart" - or
should I say "roomate"!
So bad we couldn't
knock that mail out-!
our door

"Mister Hart" my biggest
regret is that last year
we weren't together in
Europe and could have
made it 2 years of fun -
you know I love you the
best, "M. H.".! I never forget
the parties off 25th last year,
the Williamsburg Trip and
our talks and then this
year - our kitty sessions,
nites on the porch when
you went to sleep on me.
(Thanks! Chehata atha!)
Ethan) well, the nite
with "Girl" -